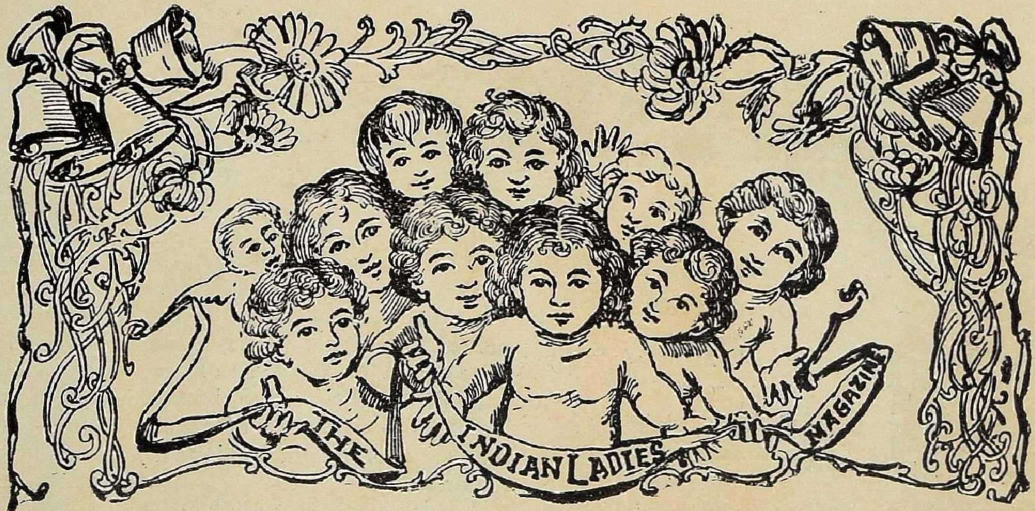
THE LAST CHAPTER.

From the picture by J. Doyle Penrose.



THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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THE VENERABLE BEDE.

THE picture depicts the closing scene in the life of the Venerable Bede. He was born in 673, and was the first great English scholar. He entered the priesthood at the age of thirty, and spent all his tranquil life in the Monastery of St. Paul at Jarrow, in ardent study of the Scriptures, and in teaching and writing. Of the forty-five works which remained after his death the chief was the "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," written in Latin, and first translated by King Alfred. His death occurred on the Feast of the Ascension, 735. He continued in work up to the last, and, though constantly in pain, preserved his usual tranquillity. His anxiety was great to complete his translation into English of the Gospel of St. John, and on the last day of his life he was engaged in dictating its closing chapter. This is the incident which has been so ably and graphically seized by the artist.

The picture is splendidly done. The beautiful glow of the early dawn is streaming inside and bathing with radiance the grey head of the Venerable Bede and the golden head of the young scribe. In the little alcove the night-light is expiring. Expiring also is the life of the old man and the artist has pictured most ably the eagerness in his face, the sadness and the thankfulness that his work is done, the weakness and the approaching great change of death. The boy's face is so sad and yet so eager to catch rightly the last words. The monks in the corner are solicitous for their master, and yet they dare not disturb him. The little details of the room are beautifully pictured.

Great Thoughts come from the Heart.

At first sight the maxim at the head of the paper would seem a commonplace Truism, but on closer investigation we find that there is a possible alternative ; and that many people would affirm that the Intellect is the source from whence great thoughts spring.

Let us begin by trying to define a great Thought. The question is so wide that it almost defies analysis. Roughly speaking and for the sake of convenience, let us group great thoughts into three classes. First, there is all philosophical thought, of which Aristotle and Plato were the founders. This is purely subjective and arises from the wonder of the mind at its own workings. This school has had innumerable followers, but they have only been able to improve upon and reimbody the thoughts of the original masters. They are the fathers and founders of all philosophic thought.

Philosophic Thought.

Secondly, there is that wonderful and brilliant class of thought, given to very few, which discovers and puts into words some great and hidden law of Nature, hitherto unrevealed and unsuspected. Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation, Darwin's discovery of the law of natural selection, Kepler's discovery of the law that governs planetary motion are instances. It is a kind of thought that dominates a man's life. When the idea was forming in Sir Isaac Newton's mind, he could neither eat nor sleep for the excitement of the mystery that was gradually unveiling itself, till at last his thoughts took shape, burst forth, and illuminated the whole world. This is the Scientific, as opposed to the Philosophic, School of Thought. It is of much more modern growth, and numbers many disciples. The discovery of the relations between Heat, Sound, Light and Electricity—that they are all ether-waves of varying length—is another of its fruits. It is the kind of thought, that, when embodied in the form of law, is at once perceived to be true. It is, however, only the one, who can open the eyes of the many. The law was there all the time, but none could see it. Unlike the first class of thought, there still remain in this region, wide untrodden fields to be explored.

Discoveries.

A third class of thought is that which utilizes the materials in hand, and produces an Invention. From the two pieces of wood rubbed together, through which a savage produced fire, to the steam engine of the present day, the world is full of these Inventions, but they must all proceed from a more than ordinary mind, and be the result of a great Thought.

Inventions.

They differ from Discoveries, in that the materials for them are all at hand. Discoveries are often inferred from the behaviour of existing phenomena. They are revealed by the mind of man, whereas an Invention is something made by the mind of man. It cannot be fully recognised until complete, and is then often imperfect. Whereas a Discovery is illuminating, life giving, world developing in its results, for its source lies in a cause, or a thought, entirely beyond man's province or power to control.

Difference between Discoveries and Inventions.

But to return to the question at issue. Do great thoughts spring from the heart, or the intellect? Man is triple in his nature, he is animal, moral and intellectual. Let us eliminate the moral—the source of his great thoughts—and note the result.

Man's moral nature is the seat of his emotions ; his thinking faculties, his intellectual powers, are transmitted through the brain and are quite independent of his feelings. If unbalanced by any heart, man would use his intellect only to further his own ends. Imagine a great philosopher, a great statesman, a great inventor in this light! Their highest faculties (if used at all) would only be exercised, in order to bring credit and fame upon themselves. That the w[illegible] should profit, after they have left it, is nothing to them. But more than this. There are the great thoughts that arise from noble and generous impulses and lead to deeds of heroism and acts of self-sacrifice and self-surrender. These have left

their mark upon history and influenced whole people, and are the result of the promptings of the Moral Nature, quite apart from the Intellect.

Sources of Progress. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his book, called "Social Evolution," has shown us that it is through the growth and development of the Moral Faculties that nations rise and progress is accomplished. He tells us to look at our aristocratic classes. They have attained their exalted position entirely through their intellectual superiority. Yet, unless constantly replenished from below, they quickly decay and become extinct. Again, the highest possible examples of intellectual development were shown by the Greek and Roman empires, when at their zenith. Yet, they could not keep their superiority: they tottered and fell, and the more barbarous nations swept over them.

Progress can only be accomplished through stress and strain and competition, and the subordination of the individual to the social organism. As the interests of the individual are always antagonistic to those of the social organism, this can only be achieved by the development of the Moral Faculties, and the Ultra-Rational sanction for conduct, offered by Religion, which induces the individual to yield his own welfare to that of the community. The greatest thoughts therefore—the thoughts that have influenced tribes and nations, and helped the development of the human race—spring primarily from the heart, which shapes their course through the Intellect, and the latter is only the vehicle, which in the great thinkers is perfect enough to convey those thoughts to the world.

M. C. Sidgwick.

An appreciation of Sarojini Naidu's book "The Golden Threshold."

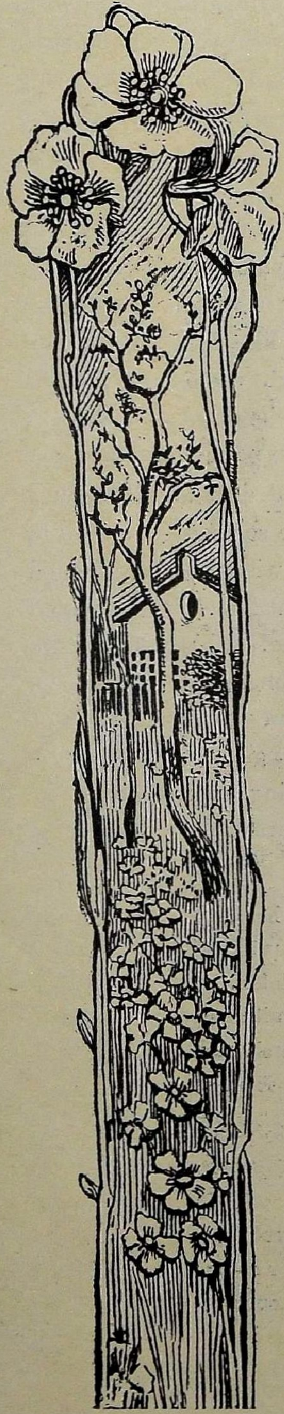
(Quoted from an English paper.)

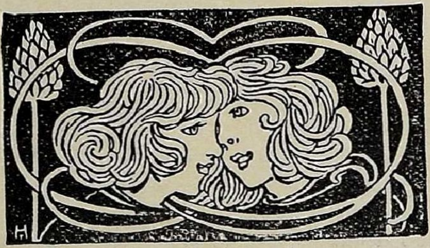
YET, after all, what greater pleasure is there than to recall half-forgotten privileges of association and influence? The slim volume that lies next upon our table will, perhaps, mean little to the general literary public, but to a few of us it will revive bright and fluttering memories of a dainty little figure that crossed the stage of literary London some eight or nine years ago, leaving an ineffaceable impression behind her in the hearts of the few friends in whom she was sympathetic enough to confide. Sarojini Chattopadhyay, in her clinging golden silks, moving through a time of suffering to the tune of happy laughter, with a capacity for the joy of life which no physical or moral anguish could overcome, was a figure that none who saw and knew her is likely to forget. In her eyes, as Mr. Arthur Symons truly suggests, the East and West met in a union of mystical sympathy. They were "like deep pools, and you seemed to fall through them into depths below depths." Further, she possessed what so few women do possess—the power of expression in an almost untrammelled degree. Though a stranger to our tongue, she seemed to twist it to fresh, Oriental capabilities with the ease of some sort of inherent, native familiarity that defied analysis and eluded criticism. This little volume of poems, now put forth under Mr. Symons's advice, breaks like a blossom upon the leaves of one's recollection of her; it gathers up her personality into a flower, giving expression to so much in her that was inexpressible to a passing friendship.

For us the travail and the heat,
The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat
The flower deferred, the fruit denied;
But not the Peace, supremely won
Lord Buddha, of thy lotus-throne.

With futile heads we seek to gain
Our inaccessible desire,
Diviner summits to attain,
With faith that sinks and feet that tire;
But nought shall conquer or control
The heavenward hunger of our soul.

The end, elusive and afar,
Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
A session of the Infinite.
How shall we reach the great, unknown
Nirvana of thy lotus-throne?





Blossoms of Childhood.

SAID one serious looking child to another: "I wonder why children were sent to the world." Said the other child: "Mother told me. Long ago there were no children in the world. Men and women were alone. But men were busy and women were lonely. You know the song which mother sings, 'for men must work and women must weep'? The women wept and cried for something which they could take care of as their own. They looked up and saw the angels' eyes peeping out of the stars through the blue curtain of Heaven. Are not the stars lovely, sister? I think mother's eyes are just like stars, they are so bright and tender. I think angels are often just as sorry for poor men, as mother is for us when we hurt ourselves." "But tell me the story."

"The women prayed to the angels and the angels said they would go down themselves to be special companions to the women. But the women had already companions in men. Then what were the angels to be? Why, children! Besides, grown-up people would not be taken care of; only children are petted and kissed, just as mother kisses us. And I think angels wanted to be taken care of by mothers like ours. You see they have no fathers or mothers in heaven. I think angels must be often lonely, though they are so beautiful, don't you think, sister? That is why the angels came as little children."

A pretty fancy, is it not!

Children are the most blessed gift God has given us. Just as flowers take into themselves and embody all that is sweetest and brightest in nature; so children are the sweet fragrance, the sweet flowers of human kind. Shelley might have implied his "Sensitive Plant" to convey a quite different meaning; but I like to think that the Sensitive Plant is a figure for the children:

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night."

Like the Sensitive Plant, children are the most responsive to outward influences:

"But none ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, and the wilderness,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant."

Round the children, men and women live and flourish: pure white spirits like the snowdrop; shy sweet hearts like the violet; fair beautiful women like the

"Narcissi,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

innocent, sinless souls like the

"Naiad-like lily of the vale,
The light of whose tremulous bells is seen
Though their pavilions of tender green;
And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a mænad, its moonlight-coloured up;"

people who fill the world with faint sweet music, like the

"Hyacinth, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense."

brilliant, radiant men and women, like the glowing

"rose,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;"

sweet-souled people, the fragrance of whose presence fills the air, like the

"Jessamine faint, and the sweet tube rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;"

lowly, yet beautiful, characters, like the daisies; lovely delicate souls, like

"Flowerets, which drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple and blue;"

such and many others live in this world. All

"Shine smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;"

THE CHERUB CHOIR.

After the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

all take from and give to each other,

> " For each one was interpenetrated
> With the light and the odour its neighbours shed."

But children can little express their feelings, and can little repay others little for the benefits they receive;

> " The Sensitive Plant could give small fruit
> Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root."

They cannot do grand deeds, or diffuse " radiance and odour," like grown-up men and women; and yet within their little hearts are the germs, which may one day expand into a broad tree;

> " It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full,
> It desires what it has not, the beautiful."

And the children receive the greatest tenderness and shelter;—

> " Each and all like ministering angels were
> For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
> Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
> Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky,
>
> . . . .
>
> And when evening descended from Heaven above,
> The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
> Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
> A sweet child weary of its delight,
> The feeblest and yet the favourite
> Cradled within the embrace of night."

Seldom are the children left alone without care:

> " There was a Power in this sweet place,
> As Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
> Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
> Was as God is to the starry scheme."

There is the mother to take care of them

> " A Lady
> Tended the garden from morn to even;"

They are supplied with daily nourishment of mind and body; the weak are supported

> " She sprinkled bright water from the stream
> On those that were faint with the sunny beam;"

The sad are comforted

> " And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
> She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.
> She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
> And sustained them with rods and osier bands;"

All evil companions and thoughts are kept away

> " And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
> And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
> She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
> Into the rough woods far aloof;"

but all bright spirits are welcomed,

> " But the bees and the beamlike ephemeris
> Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
> The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not,
> Did she make her attendant angels be."

Their footsteps are guided and led from step to step: " She was to the flowers as God is to the starry scheme;" and joy and happiness are diffused around and the little hearts are filled all with bright thoughts and happy ideals:

> " And the meteors of that sublunar heaven
> Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth.
> I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
> Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
> I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
> From her glowing fingers through all their frame."

But, alas for the flowers and the sensitive plant! the Lady died; weeds and thistles choked up the flowers' breath; winter and the bitter winds came,

> " The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
> Wept, and the tears within each lid
> Of its folded leaves which together grew
> Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.
> And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
> The moles and the dormice died for want;
> When winter had gone and spring came back
> The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck."

Why? There was no one to guard the flowers from the attendant evils of winter. So it often happens that children thrive well, so long as they are under happy conditions; but when sent out into the cold and loveless world, they droop and die. Was the training they had as children strong enough to stand them in stead in their lives as men and women? Often it happens that children lose their mothers and loved ones and are left alone to take care of themselves. The poor street children and the poor orphan children! There is no one to transplant them and remove the weeds and care for them any more. We look well after our own children; ought we not to look a little at least after waifs and strayed little souls? " Suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

PADMINI.

A Thought.

Amid the world's weeds and thorns, she grew up so sweet—my girl, the child I had dandled on my knee, the baby I had watched through the lightning changes of a lovely childhood. Like a lily from its sheath of tender green, she opened out to the love and peace of a kind world. She was so fair and pure that I sought to shield her from ever a loud voice. But alas! out of the world, a hand was held out to her; she trembled at its touch, she followed the beckoning hand into the harsh world. My heart bled for her; ah me! my girl was lost to me. Unknown to her, for I was not to interfere, I followed her through her pain; and behold I lost her! I emerged on the other side untouched; I stopped to mourn for her; when lo! she also approached, and she was still fair and sweet, with the added beauty of the wistfulness of sorrow.

" My child, have you suffered?"

" Aye father, I have; but I have also conquered. See my reward."

And by her side stood another beautiful shape—her twin soul, the embodiment to her of the love she had ever longed for.

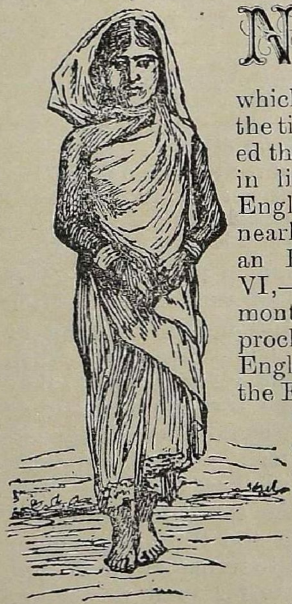
Romances of the French Throne.

(*Pen and ink sketches of famous women*).

By Jean Delaire,

Author of "A Dream of Fame," "Around a Distant Star," etc.

IV.—AGNÈS SOREL.



NEVER perhaps did a reign begin under so heavy a cloud as that which hung over France at the time Charles VII ascended the throne. He was king in little besides the name. English armies covered nearly all his territory, and an English prince, Henry VI,—then a baby ten months old—was solemnly proclaimed, in Paris, king of England and France. Yet the French prince, "le roi de Bourges," as he was derisively called by his enemies, a lad of nineteen, indolent and delicate, a king who did nothing to help either himself or his kingdom, was helped,—and ruled—by women all his life, and to an inspired peasant-girl owed the downfall of his enemies and the deliverance of his kingdom.

Other women besides the heroic Joan of Arc wielded a great power over the king. The influence of Joan was almost a miraculous one. She came and went as a dream, rising like some strange figure of olden legend from the obscurity of country life to lead the armies of the king, standing by his side in the royal cathedral of Reims on the day of his coronation, then, forsaken and betrayed, perishing in flames, triumphant in her martyrdom. Succeeding generations have wept over the simple idyll that culminated in utmost glory and in tragic death; but the king at whose feet Joan had prayed when first she came from her village to lead his men to victory, the king by whose side she had stood, meek and proud, in the hour of triumph, that king stood by, indifferent, when Joan was sent to prison and to the stake. Even the sublime devotion of the Maid of Orleans was powerless to rouse the young monarch from his torpor. Like so many weak natures, corrupted in early youth by the exercise of absolute power, he lived in complete self-indulgence, caring little if his kingdom went to ruin, provided his pleasures were not interrupted.

But what Joan of Arc herself had failed to do, another woman did,—partially at least—a woman of rare loveliness, charm and wit, the ever-famous Agnès Sorel.

Her beauty has been praised by all contemporary writers, her wit is revealed by the fragments of her letters, still in existence; her charm is proved by the king's almost life-long adoration.

Born in the first years of the fifteenth century, in a small village of Touraine, Agnès first came to court as Maid-of-honour to the Duchesse d'Anjou, Isabelle de Lorraine. She was a tall and graceful blonde, with blue eyes and a winning smile. The king saw her, and fell desperately in love; and, being the king, he did not long sigh in vain. The royal consort, Marie d'Anjou, a most distinguished woman, seems to have been of as forgiving—or as resigned—a disposition as most queens who preceded or followed her on the throne, and "La Belle Agnès" was soon established at court as the acknowledged mistress of the king.

Under her influence, Charles VII became a changed man. Hitherto entirely indifferent to his *métier de roi*, he suddenly displayed a keen interest in every detail of government, showing a genuine concern for the welfare of his kingdom, and thus easily earning from a grateful people a renown for wisdom and prudence which, even in his best days, he did not entirely deserve. A graceful, if somewhat legendary tradition, thus tells the story of the king's transformation:

"La belle Agnès, voyant le roi Charles VII "mol et lâche, ne tenir compte de son royaume, "lui dit un jour que, lorsqu' elle était encore "jeune fille, un astrologue lui avait prédit "qu'elle serait ainée et servie de l'un des plus "vaillants et courageux rois de la chrétienté; "que, quand le roi lui fit cet honneur de l'aimeri "elle pensait que ce fût ce roi valoureux qu, "lui avait été prédit; mais le voyant si mol, avec "si peu de soin de ses affaires, elle voyait bien "qu'elle s'était trompée et que ce roi si courageux "n'était pas lui, mais le roi d' Angleterre, qui "faisait de si belles armes et lui prenait tant de "belles villes à sa barbe. 'Donc,' dit-elle au "roi, 'je m'en vais le trouver, car c'est lui duquel "entendait l'astrologue.' Ces paroles piquèrent si fort le coeur du roi qu'il se mit à pleurer, "et de là en avant, prenant courage et quittant "sa chasse et ses jardins, prit le frein aux dents; "si bien que par son bonheur et sa vaillance "chassa les Anglais de son royaume."

(Beautiful Agnès, seeing the king Charles VII indolent and spiritless, caring naught for his kingdom, told him one day that, when she was still a child, an astrologer had predicted that she

would be loved and served by one of the most valiant and noble kings in Christendom; that, when the king had honoured her with his love, she had believed him to be this valiant king of whom the prophecy spoke; but, seeing him so indolent, with so little care of his kingly work, she saw that she had been deceived, and that this brave king was not he, but the king of England, who did such daring deeds, and took from him so many fine cities. 'Thus,' she said to the king, 'I will go and find him, for no doubt 'twas he whom the astrologer foretold.' These words touched the king's heart so deeply that he shed tears, and from that day, leaving his hunting field and his pleasure-gardens, he took the bit between the teeth, and through his bravery and good fortune, drove the English from his kingdom.") A story which is more sentimental and quaint than historically correct, since this tradition entirely ignores Joan of Arc, who probably did more for the kingdom in one day, than the king himself in all his life.

La Belle Agnès seems to have been as famed, among her contemporaries, for her jewels and fine gowns as for her wit and loveliness. She was the first to wear diamonds in all their lustre, for only the uncut gems had hitherto been known, and were oftener used in the decoration of Church utensils, crosses and reliquaries, than for the adornment of fair women. The customs of the time decreed that a lady's head should be entirely covered either by a close-fitting cap or the ponderous, cone-shaped *hennin*, from whose point a long semi-transparent veil fell in graceful folds. Whether elaborate *hennin* or simple cap, the coiffures of Agnès were renowned for their magnificence, their delicate tracery of gold and precious gems, their double and treble rows of priceless pearls; while her robes were made of the richest silks and velvets of France, Flanders and Italy. Greatest luxury of all, she is said to have owned undergarments of fine linen, at a time when chemises of serge were worn by the greatest ladies in the realm. Princely residences in town and country, rare old tapestries, plate of silver and gold, costly ornaments of every imaginable kind, were lavished on her by the king. Among other royal gifts, she possessed the famous Chateau de Beauté, on the Marne, whence she derived the graceful and well-deserved title of *La Dame de Beauté*.

Agnès lived at court for many years, adored by the king, tolerated by the queen, but hated with an intense hatred by the king's eldest son, the Dauphin Louis—the same who was destined, under the name of Louis XI, to become so great a monarch,—and so detestable a man. His dislike of his father's favourite, augmented, perhaps, by jealousy of her influence, was so violent that one day he forgot himself so far as to strike her in public. Agnès immediately left the court, and in spite of the king's entreaties, lived for some years in semi-retirement at the Château de Loches—another gift from her princely lover. Giving way at last to the king's importunities,—perhaps following her own impulse, which bade her exchange once more the quiet monotony of country life for the pleasures of a court,—Agnès committed the fatal error of returning to the king after an absence of seven years.

Despite its outward rejoicing, this return to the old life must have been strangely sad. To all appearances, the king was still deeply enamoured, although Agnès was no longer in the first flush of youth and beauty, but her enemies, led by the Dauphin, had not been idle during her absence. Intrigue followed intrigue, and with so clever and unscrupulous a schemer as Prince Louis at the head of those who plotted her ruin, the fate of Agnès was inevitable. Barely a year after her return to court, the beautiful favourite died of a sudden illness, shortly after giving birth to her fourth child.

The death might have been a natural one; yet it is significant that popular rumour immediately accused the Dauphin, saying, with sinister meaning, that those, whom the young prince disliked, died young.

Unlike so many other women, "fair and frail," Agnès met death with serene calmness. She had copied some verses of Saint Bernard on her prayer book, and these she recited in her last moments, calling on Our Lord, His Beloved

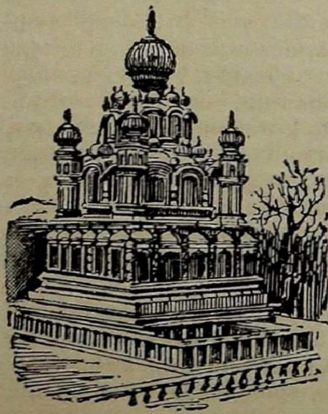
Mother and all the Saints to forgive her sins, even as Mary Magdalene, the sinner, had been forgiven. She received the Sacraments, and died, says the old chroniqueur, "in most beautiful and Christian repentance." By her own wish, her heart was buried beneath the altar in the church of the Abbaye de Jumièges, while her body found its last resting-place in the chapel of her own Château de Loches, where she had so often prayed and wept in her years of solitude.

With the death of Agnès, his good angel seems to have left the king. Returning to the indifference and apathy of former days in all matters of State government, he strove to kill remembrance by a life of wild self-indulgence; a most evil woman, Madame de Villequier, helped him on the downward path, and the old king soon hastened his end by riotous living and every form of shameless debauchery. Thus, in the brief career of Agnès Sorel, we see one of those rare instances in History, where a king's mistress—unlike so many fair favourites known to Fame—wielded a distinct power for good over her royal lover's public and private life—and was benefactress alike to the king and to the kingdom.

Carlyle's Hero-Worship.

By an Indian Lady.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."



So says Hamlet, and so may we say of Carlyle's teaching. Different opinions exist about those wonderful teachings of his, which, while they dazzle and confuse us by their intense strangeness and incomprehendable imaginativeness, yet attract and fascinate by the very intensity of this far-reaching imagination, which we feel is the philosophy of a perfectly sincere, great-hearted, if eccentric, genius. "On the one hand," says some writer about him, "we are at first baffled, and feel ourselves at a loss to know what to make of this strange being. When we approach him, he frightens us with his Baplomatic-Fire Baptism, Logic-mortar, Gerund-grinding, Transcendental moonshine, and what not." But take him from another standpoint—and what a comprehensive standpoint this is, we shall see if we read his 'Heroes and Hero-worship'—what a world of tenderness and heartfelt sympathy is there in him. "Now and then," says the same writer as the above, "gleams of an ethereal love burst forth from him and sometimes soft wailings of infinite pity. On occasions he looks as if he was going to clasp the whole universe in his bosom and keep it warm."

In his wonderful 'Heroes and Hero-worship, mingled with fiery declamations of what to him seemed the then existing barrenness and soul-quenching irreverence of science and Utilitarianism, come these tender cries of sympathy and love. Carlyle approaches his subject with the greatest reverence. He feels his own inability to cope with such a theme. "Too evidently this is a large topic," he says; "deserving quite other treatment than we can expect to give it at present. A large topic; indeed an illimitable one; wide as Universal History itself For, as I take it, universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones;......the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these. Too clearly it is a topic we shall do no justice to in this place!" And yet, no great work, however much the inability to undertake such a work, is ever undertaken without some profit. "One comfort is, that great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such neighbourhood, for a while." For the hero has a great work to do. He is required to vivify the world. Says Carlyle, "I liken common languid times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling down into ever worse distress towards final ruin;—all this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning." A great man wakens thought. "It is ever the way with the thinker, the spiritual Hero. The thoughts of all start up, as from painful, enchanted sleep, round his thought." Finally, he 'sets fire' to the world around him. "He was as a *light* kindled in it; a light of intellect, rude nobleness of heart; and he had to shine there, and make his obscure

element a little lighter. The great man was always lightning out of Heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, and then they too would flame." Heroes then must be recognised. Heroes must be 'worshipped.' "And, what is notable, in no time whatever can they entirely eradicate out of living men's hearts a certain altogether peculiar reverence for great men; Boswell venerates his Johnson; the unbelieving French believe in their Voltaire, and burst out round him into very curious Hero-worship." This being so, it is evident that Hero-worship has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity. "It will ever be so. We all love great men; love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men. No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart. For myself in these days," says Carlyle, "I seem to see in this indestructibility of Hero-worship the everlasting adamant lower than which the confused wreck of revolutionary things cannot fall."

The world, as Carlyle interprets it, is but a show, a phenomenon, an appearance; "That divine mystery, which lies everywhere in all beings; of which all appearance, from the starry sky to the grass of the field, but especially the appearance of man and his work, is but the vesture, the embodiment that renders it visible." "Every object has a divine beauty in it; every object still verily is a 'window through which we may look into infinitude itself. Through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will open our minds and eyes'" The world is all Beauty;—"Consider the lilies of the field"—a beautiful eye looking out on you from the great inner Sea of Beauty! The world is all harmony;—"the inmost mystery of it, namely the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence, which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world." The natural scheme of the world therefore is an orderly one;—"Order is Truth,—each thing standing on the basis that belongs to it." Finally the world is Truth—full of Truth and Greatness.

Long ago, in the beginning of the world's ages, the Pagans, with their childlike greatness of understanding, understood this thought. Now also, in these modern times, a few penetrate the world's outer mask into the beauty underneath; but only a few. The rest are blinded by the brilliant shadowing curtain of scientific theories. It therefore behoves the few—the few gifted *heroic* natures—to pierce below this outward vesture and interpret to the mass, "what the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will honestly apply his sense, proclaims to be a living thing,—an unspeakable Godlike thing; towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship, if not in words, then in silence." Are not these few then, who can accomplish such an unspeakable deed, are they not Heroes? Surely they are. But how does the Hero penetrate this idea? Let us consider a little.

The hero has many faults; but, says Carlyle, "on the whole we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. We will leave all this behind us; and assuring ourselves that he did mean some true thing, ask candidly what it was or might be." A Hero is a Hero all round; "in the soul and thought of him first of all." A real Hero is original; he is a gift of Nature; "a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness." He is therefore chosen by nature herself, and nature never makes a mistake. "Nature is true, and not a lie. She requires of a thing only that it be genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not, if not so." One would expect then that the first gift of a Hero would be the natural gift of nature, and so it is. First of all the Hero must have the seeing eye. "A Hero, as I repeat, has this just distinction which indeed we may call first and last, the Alpha and Omega of his whole Heroism, that he looks through the shows of things into things." Secondly, he must have sincerity, absolute sincerity and do away with all cant. "Sincerity is the great characteristic," says Carlyle. A man must have "sincere communion with the mysterious invisible powers visibly seen at work in the world around him. The heart and the soul of the man must be open to truth. Thirdly, earnestness, the Hero must have earnestness. He must have vital force. "A silent great soul," says Carlyle of one of his heroes: "he was one of those who cannot but be in earnest; whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things. From of old, a thousand thoughts had been in this man: What am I? What is this unfathomable Thing I live in, which men name Universe? What is Life; What is Death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? There was no answer. The man's own soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer." In fact, it was the Hope in the man, the absolute conviction in him, the Faith in his own doctrine, which have to answer. He must have no doubts about his own standpoint and about what he is intending to accomplish. Even if he fails, he must have confidence. Fourthly with all this, he

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must possess true morality : "Without morality, intellect were impossible for him. A thoroughly immoral man could not know anything at all. To know a thing, a man must be *virtuously* related to it."

Should a Hero then have *intellect ?* Carlyle's answer to this is that intellect does not so much matter as sincerity. "The merit of *originality* is not *novelty*," he says ; "it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man ; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another." But, "a man can believe, and make his own, in the most genuine way, what he has received from another." In fact, Carlyle's theory is, that all these qualities of a Hero, which we have been trying to describe, do run into one another ; are, in essence, the same as each other. "We ought to know withal, and to keep for ever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names* ; that man's spiritual nature, the vital force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible ; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each other, physiognomically related ; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another side of the one vital force whereby he is and works ? He is *one* ; and preaches the same self abroad in all these ways." A Hero therefore must be essentially great ; but he must be *unconsciously* great ; he must have great humility ; he must not be ambitious : "Great men are not ambitious in that sense ; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Because there is nothing in him, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe, no great men was even much tormented in this way."

There are other minor qualities of heroes, which it would be well to notice. A hero is large-hearted, tolerant, of a wide Catholicism, and, where possible, he will hide the faults of others, not publish them to the world. He is not morose-natured, but full of a genial laughter : "Laughter means sympathy ; good laughter is not 'the crackling of thorns under the pot. Even at stupidity and pretension, he does not laugh otherwise than genially." He must be full of rugged, dauntless valour. Without caring for the opinions or the ridicule of others ; leaving the minor details of the business aside, a hero has his heart fully centred on his one great object ; and, with his heart's blood, and through sorrow and pain, he will fight against "the empire of Darkness and Wrong ; " and in his great cause, he will do the noblest deeds ; for, "it is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and indicate himself under God's Heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs." It is noticeable also that a hero is often *silent* : "The great silent men ! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great empire of silence. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department, silently thinking, silently working—they are the salt of the earth ! "

What should be the attitude of such a Hero towards the grand mysteries of nature and humanity. First, he should wonder at the grandeur, the Divineness which underlays it all. Secondly he should submit to the law which he thinks is the real idea of nature. "A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep Law of the World ; he is victorious while he co-operates with that great central law. Christianity also commands us, before all, to be resigned to God. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them ; only small mean souls are otherwise." This is the true religion. Thirdly from true submission to, and obedience of, nature, comes love and sympathy of its inner truth. "To know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it. He could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathised* with it. Finally, he must act in accordance with Nature's laws. "A man must conform himself to Nature's laws, be verily in communion with nature and the truth of things, or nature will answer him, 'No, not at all !'" "The seeing eye ! It is this that discloses the inner harmony of things ; what nature meant ; what musical idea nature has wrapped up in these often rough embodiments ; something she did mean." The result of all this is knowledge—"a great free glance into the very deeps of thought. He gets to be a part of nature herself. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with the utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal unconsciously, from the unknown deeps in him ; as the oak-tree grows from the earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves ; with a sympathy grounded on nature's own laws, conformable to all truth whatsoever."

Carlyle says that all Heroes are at bottom the same ; they all belong to one truth ; but they are different according to the differences of the times they exist in. In his book on Heroes, he gives us six types of Heroes, and it would be interesting if we would just glance at the distinguishing characteristic of each. First, there is the Hero as Divinity—Odin,

who came in the times of Paganism. The "distracted chaos of hallucinations," and the wild theories of the universe of Pagan Times seem to us like incredible fables; but, if we look carefully at them, we find them to be the "earnest simple recognition of the workings of physical nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine;"—"the infant thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous universe." And, because the great Odin was the teacher of these Pagans, he was a Hero. "Has he not the power of articulate thinking? By him they know now what they have to do here, what to look for; hereafter Existence has become articulate, melodious by him; he first has made Life alive." No wonder then, and small blame to him, that Odin was regarded as a God.

The second stage in Hero-worship is the Hero as Prophet, as one God-inspired, not as a God. Carlyle takes Mahomet as an instance of this Heroism. At a time, when the Arabs—a "people of great qualities"—were fast degenerating into confusion and decay, when "their idolatries appear to have been in a tottering state," Mahomet came among them, agitated by theories of reform. He too had the Heroic idea; that this world is wholly miraculous, that nature is but a manifestation of God's power and presence. He was in "harmony with the decrees of the author of this world." He saw that idols and formulas were nothing; that God was all in all; "God alone is; God alone has power; He made us, He can kill us and keep us alive: '*Allah Akbar*,' God is Great. The wild Arabs accepted Mahomet's idea, and Mahomet became their prophet—the Hero as Prophet.

Next comes the Hero as Poet; the Hero who seizes the sacred mystery on the æsthetic side, as beautiful; he reveals to us what we are to love; "whose delineation is authentically *musical*, musical not in word only, but in heart and substance, in all the thoughts and utterances of it, in the whole conception of it." "At bottom it turns still on power of intellect; it is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet. See deep enough and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it." Carlyle takes Dante and Shakespeare as Poet-heroes. Dante's divine comedy is a song; its depth and rapt passion and sincerity make it musical;—go deep enough, there is music everywhere. Its intensity also; the sharp decisive likeness of the matter he explains, is extraordinary, and Dante "works in the depths of our existence; feeding through long times the life-roots of all excellent human things whatsoever." Of Shakespeare's right to be a Hero, there is scarcely any need to speak. If Dante gave us the "Faith or the Soul," Shakespeare gave the "Practice or Body." Carlyle says of this Prince of Poets, "On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought in any other man. Such a calmness of depth, placid, joyous strength, all things imaged in that great soul of his, so true and clear as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It is in what I called Portrait-painting, delineating of men and things that Shakespeare is great. It is unexampled, I think that calm creative perspicacity of Shakespeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it; but its inmost heart and generic secret: it dissolves itself, as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Is he not an eye to us all; a blessed heaven-sent Bringer of Light?"

Luther and Knox are the Heroes as Priests. The Priest should be as much of a Hero as a Prophet. As the latter is a spiritual king, so is the former a spiritual captain. "The ideal of him is, that he too be what we can call a voice from the unseen Heaven; interpreting and unfolding the same to men. Luther is a Hero, inasmuch as he was a breaker of the idols of false forms and worship, and brought back the people to reality. Says Carlyle, "Luther said to the Pope: 'This thing of yours that you call a pardon of sins, it is a bit of rag-paper with ink. Popeship, spiritual Fatherhood of God's Church, is that a vain semblance, of cloth and parchment? It is an awful fact. God's Church is not a semblance; Heaven and Hell are not semblances. I stand on God's Truth." Knox did a like service for Scotland by the Reformation there.

"The Hero, as Man of Letters," says Carlyle, "will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest. He is uttering forth, in such a way as he has, the inspired soul of him. Literature, so far as it is literature, is an 'apocalypse of nature,' a revealing of the 'open secret.' Goethe, who had, in a strange way, a vision of the inward divine mystery of the divine idea of the world; Johnson, who preached the 'Gospel of Moral Prudence,' with the other great Gospel of 'clear your mind of Cant;' Rousseau, who, though ill and dimly, yet did struggle towards Reality; Burns, the chief quality of whose songs in the sincerity of them—all these are real Heroes—Heroes as Men of Letters.

As for the Hero as King, "He is practically the summary for us of *all* the various figures of Heroism; Priest, teacher, whatsoever of earthly or of spiritual dignity we can fancy to reside in a man, embodies itself here, to command over us, to furnish us with constant practical teaching, to tell us for the day and hour what we are to do." Carlyle found in Cromwell,

who had been so much misunderstood and despised, some 'human stuff.' "Poor Cromwell —great Cromwell!" he says, "the inarticulate prophet—rude, confused, struggling to utter himself, with his savage depth, with his wild sincerity. An outer hull of chaotic confusion, and yet such a clear determinate man's-energy working in the heart of that. The ray as of pure star-light and fire, working in such an element of boundless hypochondria, unformed black of darkness." Napoleon also was a Hero as King. He too had sincerity. "Across those outer manœuverings and quackeries of his, which were many and most blamable; let us discern withal that the man had a certain instructive ineradicable feeling for reality; and did base himself upon fact, so long as he had any basis. He had an instinct of nature better than his culture was. And accordingly was there not what we can call a *faith* in him, genuine so far as it went?"

The welcome given to a Hero by a nation determines the quality of that nation. "The history of a nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes. But Carlyle wails over the unbelief of his nation, "Lamentable this! I say, this must be remedied. 'Know the men that are to be trusted:' alas, this is yet, in these days, very far from us. Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him; yes, it is far from us: but it must come; thank God, it is visibly coming." In the meanwhile, till the Hero do come, what is to be done? Why every one can try to be a Hero. "If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero? A world all sincere, a believing world: the like has been, the like will be,—cannot help being."

K. S.

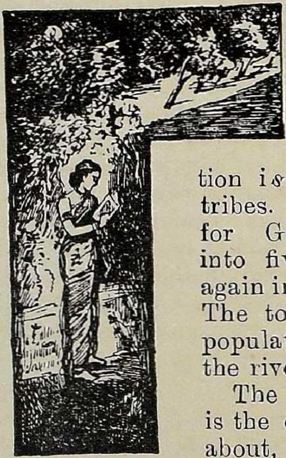
"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child
And guided where I go.

In a service which Thy Will appoints
There are no bonds for me!
For my inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty!"

A Biography of Kate Marsden.

By Mrs. Benson.

(*Continued from our last number*).



THE Yakutsk province, situated in the far north-east of Siberia, extends over 2½ million miles. The population is made up of different tribes. The land is divided for Governmental purposes into five circuits, and these again into village communities. The town of Yakutsk, with a population of 7,000, stands on the river Lena.

The Viluisk circuit, which is the one we shall hear most about, extends over 559,000 miles, and comprises four village communities. Forests, marshes and lakes abound, and along the shores of the lakes and rivers the inhabitants rear cattle on a small scale. The natives are in a semi-barbarous state, they were idolaters, but at the present time although considered Christians, are addicted to many heathen practices. They are very poor. The fur trade offers a fluctuating source of livelihood, and many people make odds and ends, such as baskets, drinking vessels, and cradles out of the bark of trees. Some of the baskets are very pretty, being interlaced with fish scales, which glitter with all kinds of colours. The people live in huts, plastered over with thick layers of clay and cow-dung. The poverty of the people arises in a measure from the ravages of leprosy among the able-bodied; the accumulation of the arrears of taxes is constantly on the increase. In Yakutsk the houses are shut up at eight o'clock, and there are no recreations or amusements. The cold is intense, and the air is filled with mist or fog. It is not light until 10 o'clock in the morning, and is dark again about two in the afternoon. This state of things continues for nearly 8 months out of the year. The people play cards and smoke sometimes for 6 hours out of the twelve. All the ladies smoke. The poorer people use sheets of ice three and four inches thick instead of glass for windows. Stores come in once a year and people must buy for twelve months. Near Yakutsk the ground is perpetually frozen to the depth of more than 400 feet, of which in the summer only three feet are thawed.

Soon after her arrival in Yakutsk, Miss Marsden went to see the Bishop. He was a

very earnest worker, and most active among the people. He promised to use every effort to bring the leading people of the town together to form a committee to help the lepers. From him and from a doctor in the town Miss Marsden heard fearful accounts of the lepers in the marshes and forests which were almost inaccessible. The doctor begged her to take tea and tobacco to the lepers. At last the committee met, consisting of the Bishop, the Vice-Governor, the Medical Inspector, and District Doctors and Viluisk Police and Miss Marsden. A plan was prepared of the route to be taken and a Cossack called Yean Procopieff, offered to accompany Miss Marsden as leader of the party, and knowing how little money she had, to lend her all the horses required for the journey. It was useless to think of driving any vehicle, it would have got fatally wedged in the forests, or have sunk in some treacherous bog before a single mile had been covered. It was therefore absolutely necessary to make the journey on horseback, and also necessary to employ a number of men, not only for carrying stores, but also as a means of protection against the bears and other dangers to be encountered. The cavalcade was a curious one consisting of 15 men and 30 horses, Miss Marsden being the only woman in the party. Miss Marsden wore a jacket with long sleeves, with the body of the red cross on the left arm, and full trowsers to the knee. She carried a revolver, and a little travelling bag slung over the shoulder. She was obliged to ride like a man because the horses were so wild, it was impossible to ride safely sideways, also no lady could ride sideways for 2,000 miles, which was the length of the ride before Miss Marsden.

Before starting, the Bishop invited the party to his house for prayer. He held a special service praying for God's blessing and protection on the work. All being ready, the party started on their 2,000 mile journey on June 22nd, 1891. From this time there was no road to follow. The party rode single file round hills, and zig-zag fashion whereever they could find firm ground. The postal service in those parts is only a monthly affair, the runners go as they please along a half-obliterated path. At the beginning of the journey, the horses sank up to their haunches in a bog, and began to plunge desperately. Miss Marsden had to hold on with all her might, while the men yelled at the animals. When night came the party camped for the night, lighting fires, pitching tents, and having tea. Every one who possessed a gun or revolver slept with it ready in case of an attack from bears. Men were placed as sentries, and also to keep up the fires. Mosquitoes proved one of the many trials of the expeditions. They bit through everything, and poor Miss Marsden's hands and wrists became painfully swollen. The horses' reins too blistered her hands, they were very hard, made of horse's tails, they soon wore through her gloves. The horses too suffered greatly from mosquito and horse-fly bites. At night the ground was often sodden and damp after rain, clouds of mist arising from the sodden soil. Thunder storms in this region were very severe, the lightning being specially vivid and continuous. Here and there in the vast country an occasional posthouse was met with, but they were very dirty, and generally occupied by cattle as well as human beings.

The short northern summer is as intensely hot as the long winters are cold. The party often travelled by night to avoid the great heat. They passed forests where hundreds of trees had fallen. The ignorant people have legends that witches are responsible for this, but as Miss Marsden explains, "The true meanings of those fallen trees is yet more interesting than the superstitious one; underneath the upper soil of these forests combustion is taking place. The thaw of summer and deluges of rain seem to have little effect upon the fire, it still works its way unsubdued, burning away the roots of the trees. When the tempest comes the trees drop by hundreds. Miss Marsden took some of the burnt earth as a specimen to the British Museum. From time to time there were alarms of bears, natives at one point giving information that they had just seen eleven.

Some of the natives eat the bark of trees mixed with milk. Milk is often sold in blocks, frozen. It is used in that state too on board the steamers between England and India. The burial of an inhabitant in Siberia in winter is a long process. The ground has first to be thawed by placing fires upon it for three days and nights. Those who are buried at this season remain frozen always, and their bodies continue in good preservation for hundreds of years.

As the days went on Miss Marsden became so exhausted and ill, she had to be dragged off her horse only to fall into a dead sleep till morning. Pushing through forests, plunging into bogs, camping at night, plagued with mosquitoes, sleeping at times in disgustingly filthy huts, swarming with vermin, they at last reached *Viluisk*. There her good guide, the *Cossack*, Yean Procopieff, bade them goodbye. Here scattered over a district larger than France there is only one doctor for 70,000 people, and the leading Government official only receives a salary of £100 a year. Miss Marsden was met by Father John Vinokouroff, and in the evening (owing to the heat) started with him to visit the site of the much-needed and longed-for hospital. It was a 20-mile ride chiefly through

forests, but on reaching the place it was found quite unsuitable for the hospital. It was a curious meeting, taking place at midnight, though even then it was not dark, and the party sat on the ground eating their food, and discussing the plans for the hospital and leper settlement. The next day Miss Marsden visited a spot where a hospital had been built some years before, but which had to be closed for want of funds. The first real leper settlement Miss Marsden saw was in a forest; they suddenly came on a hut, and a poor leper woman and her son appeared. Here they lived utterly alone, having to walk miles to pick up their food, left outside for them by the nearest villagers. The path to these leper settlements had to be cut and opened out for Miss Marsden by the natives, and where the path went through bogs, the route was marked by long poles struck in the ground with large pieces of earth stuck on the top. This had been done for 100 miles. When the path went through forests the route was marked by chipping a large piece off the trees at a distance of 20 yards apart. The labour for this undertaking was given by the natives free of charge, so anxious were they to help forward Miss Marsden on her charitable journey. Though the path had been marked out, the stumps and roots of trees had been left, and the riding was of the roughest and most tiring description, the poor horses frequently getting their feet entangled, and plunging violently to free themselves.

At last after miles and miles of riding, the largest leper settlement was reached, and Miss Marsden found herself after all her months and months of travelling, among the poor creatures she had come to help. She scrambled off her horse, and was soon amongst the lame, halt and blind. Some knelt, others crouched on the ground, but all turned with eager faces to her. A prayer of thanksgiving was offered, and then one for the Empress of Russia, after which the gifts of tea, clothing, and tobacco were distributed. In the leper huts the poor creatures are herded together like cattle in a pen, they have neither beds, nor linen, and their clothes are filthy rags, it is then they have to live for tens of years, until death releases them from their sufferings. The stench from these small infected hovels is like that from a dead body. They eat chiefly rotten fish, the huts swarm with vermin, men, women, and children all live together with the cows and calves. There are no sanitary arrangements, and sometimes in the depth of winter none of the inmates venture out for days together. Sometimes small-pox breaks out among them, when the dead are buried a few yards from the dreadful abodes. On the return journey from this ghastly settlement a bear was encountered, some of the horses became panic-stricken and bolted away, dashing their burdens against the trunks of trees, terrifying the other horses. Miss Marsden dismounted, preferring to meet the bear to being dragged through the forest on a mad horse and dashed against trees. Having to row up a river for a part of the journey they were unable to make headway against the rapid current. A terrific storm began, and as the violent gusts tore across the water they forced the boat against overhanging trees, and sometimes against the high bank. The men shouted and yelled like madmen. Miss Marsden managed to jump on shore, and they all set off to walk ten miles through the forest. Having been without sleep for 24 hours, and without food for 12, Miss Marsden was not exactly in training for a long difficult walk. After three miles she simply dropped, but got up and struggled on again and again. Then three or four soldiers came to the rescue, and dragged her in the remaining distance to Viluisk. At Viluisk she slept without interruption for 24 hours. This long sleep was indeed a blessing as in two days she was to start on a journey of 900 miles. There were still many leper settlements to visit, scattered at great distances from each other and Miss Marsden felt she could not make complete plans for their future gathering together into one settlement unless she saw with her own eyes, and could describe from personal knowledge their present woeful condition and sufferings. She had never ridden a horse before except once for a week some years ago, so these immensely long rides, on a wooden saddle, across the roughest ground tried her physically very severely.

The party left Viluisk on 27th July and went by boat and on horseback through forests and bogs, again camping at midnight, till at the end of 100 miles they reached Sredni-Viluisk. Here a good priest, who lived with the lepers fell on his knees, and with tears implored Miss Marsden to bring help to the lepers. They discussed plans for a future hospital. The next settlement was 150 miles further on. The same sights and sufferings met Miss Marden at each settlement. At one of them a poor leper woman had lived in the same hut with a mad man for four years. After another long ride nine lepers were found whose condition was worse than ever. They had no clothes, and in the biting frosts of winter had only straw and rags to cover themselves with. In another spot a leper woman had lived alone for six years, never hearing a human voice except when the man who brought her food and left it on the ground shouted to her from a distance of 100 yards. She had to crawl through the snow to fetch the food, and, as she could only carry one thing at a time, she had to make several journeys.

In the course of this journey Miss Marsden had the following wonderful experience :—" We had

been travelling for about 20 miles since leaving the last place, when I noticed how strangely the horses' tread sounded—just as if they were walking over a tunnel with only a thin roof over it. The guide explained that this was one of the places where the earth was in a state of internal burning. The fire begins a long way below the surface, and burns slowly, still more slowly when there is no vent for the smoke. Night came on and all was gloom around us. By and by I thought I saw in the distance several lights, going on a little further the lights became a glare, and then my horse grew restive and almost unmanageable; we emerged from the forest and stood in an open space. What an unearthly scene met my eye! The whole earth, not the forest, for miles around seemed full of little flickers of fire; flames of many colours, red, gold, blue and purple, darted up on every hand, some forked and jagged, some straight as a knife, rising here and there above the earth, and in places seeming to lick the dust and then, having gained fresh energy, springing as high as the others. Blinding clouds of smoke every now and then swept into our eyes, and the hot stifling air almost choked us. We had to go through the fire, there was no escaping it. I never expected to get through it alive but death was better than turning back. Slowly and cautiously we picked our way, whilst the horses snorted and trembled. All went well for three miles, when one of the baggage horses became panic-stricken and broke away, very nearly causing a stampede among the entire cavalcade, which would have been most dangerous in that broken burning ground. By degrees the horses were quieted, and the party pushed on reaching at last a splendid forest."

Complete physical exhaustion overcame Miss Marsden after this, she was suffering great pain from an internal abscess caused by the constant riding, and she was absolutely obliged to take a day's rest. The remainder of the journey was gone through with great pain. Sometimes the pain was unendurable, and the men had to lift Miss Marsden on to the ground, where she would fall into a deep sleep, and then mount again and struggle on, upheld by the conviction that the Lord would give her strength to finish her work. Still from day to day they found lepers, separated miles from each other, some solitary, some in companies of fives and tens. On the return journey to Yakutsk they rode 70 miles a day with little food and sleep. When the last 20 miles were reached, Miss Marsden was too exhausted to ride any more, so a cart was hired, a layer of straw placed in it, and after 20 miles of jolting Yakutsk was reached. Here Miss Marsden had to say good-bye to her faithful escort who had been with her all through that 2,000 miles ride. "They were chivalrous and devoted, without exception, I was always at their mercy, but never for one instant did they betray the confidence reposed in them."

At Yakutsk Miss Marsden went straight to bed and slept for 24 hours. Then began the long journey back again, first to Irkutsk by boat, up the river Lena; the boat was crowded and badly provisioned, but Miss Marsden was too ill to do more than lie down half-dazed in her birth all day. The rest was grateful after all the incessant riding.

Irkutsk.

On reaching she called on the Governor-General who summoned a Committee to hear an account of her visit to the lepers. Miss Marsden told them she meant to plead with the leading people in Moscow and St. Petersburgh on behalf of the lepers, and so to procure funds to provide a complete leper settlement. This encouraged the people in Irkutsk to come forward and subscribe their share and before leaving, a sum of Rs. 15,000 was collected, which amount was left in the Governor's charge. The journey from Irkutsk to Tomsk was accomplished in a low open sledge, with three horses, which sped at a great pace through the snow.

Tomsk.

The motion was of the roughest description, and there was no protection from the mud and stones thrown up by the horse's hind feet. At Tomsk Miss Marsden visited the Convent, the Abbess received her kindly, and she and the Sisters were deeply touched when Miss Marsden described the sufferings and wants of the lepers.

Self-sacrificing women were needed to go to these lepers. "I asked the Rev. Mother in Christ's name, and for Christ's sake to undertake the mission. When I ceased speaking she calmly and deliberately said:—"Yes! in His name, and for His sake I will do it."

In Russia the "Sisters" are generally drawn from the upper and middle classes, while the "Nuns" are for the most part peasant women, robust and inured to hardship, and accustomed to all kinds of manual labour. It is their duty to attend to the domestic matters of the convent, cleaning the premises, baking bread, preparing meals, making candles, etc. They are also able to attend to slight repairs and renovations, such as glazing, papering, painting, and are further employed in tilling the ground and gathering in the crops.

Tjumen, Ekaterniburgh, and Zlatoust were all reached in time, and when Kate Marsden saw the Railway stations and train once more she felt as eager and excited as a child. Sledge jolting, tarantass bumping, horse-riding, and voyaging in cargo boats had all come to an end. But Miss Marsden was too shattered in health to be able to stand the long journey from

Zlatoust to Moscow (800 miles) in one sitting, so she rested at several places on the way.

The next four months Kate Marsden was busy both at St. Petersburgh and Moscow interesting the Russians, high and low, in the lepers. The Empress of Russia gave her a private audience, and headed the list of donors to the fund which was shortly started.

The newspapers again took up the subject. The Medical Department appointed Professor Peterson, a known student in leprosy, to assist Miss Marsden to draw up a plan for the projected Colony. A small meeting of doctors was convened, who had been to Yakutsk, knew the country and people. They all agreed to the plan, and it was thus definitely settled upon.

"The general arrangement of the buildings was settled as follows:—Ten separate houses for the lepers, each constructed for the accommodation of ten lepers: two hospitals (one for each sex) for patients in an advanced stage of the disease, a house for the doctor and his two assistants; a house for the Sisters; a Church, and a house for the priest; a building for workshop and also a bath house, a bake house and a mortuary. The sexes are to be kept apart, except in the case of a leper family. Each house is to be provided with a garden and space left for a large kitchen garden. Each household is to have two cows, for which a proper stable will be provided." To build this Colony at last £9,000 would have to be collected. A letter of introduction was given to Kate Marsden to Mde. Strekaloff in Moscow, the founder of several philanthropic institutions and President of the Society for the spread of useful books. She asked Miss Marsden to stay with her and rearouse the interest in lepers in Moscow. The "Society of Arts," consisting of Russian ladies engaged in benevolent and philanthropic work, entered with true Russian enthusiasm into the proposals, and formed a committee to undertake the providing of clothes for 100 lepers, furniture for the Colony, and the linen required for all purposes. A Sisterhood in Moscow, under the Princess Shachooskoy heard all the accounts of Miss Marsden's journey, and leper experiences, and five Sisters volunteered to go to Siberia on leper duty. The institution over which this Princess presides contains 400 inmates, suffering from various diseases, many of them being insane. The work of nursing is carried on by 60 sisters, and the institution entirely supported by the Princess's efforts. The Czarevitch sent Rs. 8,000 to cover the expenses of the outfit and travelling of the five Sisters. In May 1892 the Princess took them to the Station and saw them start for the journey from which there would be no return. She herself wrote an account of the touching scene to Miss Marsden, relating how several on-lookers on the platform came forward, and gave presents of Rs. 50, 60, and Rs. 100 "for the Sisters and the lepers."

Miss Marsden then went to England and was busily engaged in writing the book "on Sledge and horseback to Siberian lepers" (from which this narrative has been taken) and in preparing for her lecturing tour in America. From the latter, and from the sale of her book she hopes there will be sufficient returns to carry out her plans amongst the lepers of Siberia, and also to help lepers, and leper Societies throughout the world, irrespective of nationality and creed.

This shortened narrative cannot close better than in Miss Marsden's own words:—

"The claims of humanity are insufficient alone to sustain prolonged consecration to the service of the suffering.

A gentleman once visited a hospital where the victims of a terrible malady were sheltered. After passing through the wards, and noting the heartrending, and almost repulsive condition of patients, he said to the nurse who accompanied him "You must have a good deal of the enthusiasm of humanity to keep you in such a place as this."

"Enthusiasm of humanity, Sir!—" the nurse replied "*that* motive would not keep us here for a single day—the "Love of Christ constraineth us."

On Beauty.

BEAUTY is the road by which humanity travels to eternity. The individual soul, in her life on this earth, always longs, in the Buddhist phraseology, for her absorption into the worldsoul. The sight of beauty is to her, as water to the parched throat of a traveller in the desert. She recoils with instinctive horror from all that is vile and low and she perishes inch by inch in the presence of the Un-beautiful. She cannot live on it, because it would poison her ethereal being for certain. But how greedily does she drink in the light of Beauty! She is dissolved in a wild and venturesome delight at the presence of anything Beautiful, be it a cloud, an action, a human being, a dream. She flows out of her prison-house and mingles with other souls of beauty and is then wafted above to her Ancient home that is beyond the clouds and beyond the rising and setting suns. This is love. For all love is an infinite affection toward its like. Beauty may be embodied in a thousand various shapes, but our soul has no eyes for the mere body of things, but

pierces inward and upward to the spiritual self, in supreme rapture. A born lover, looks at a cloud with its various coloured face, radiating a subdued lustre all around. He sees in it, at every angle and at every change of tone, a hundred suggestions as to how his soul might find the satisfaction that she yearns for. He goes home, turning this way and that the wild vision of heaven that he beheld and wonders what it might mean. Then, by one evening-river-side, across a curtain of woven lights he sees the dim face of a woman that thrills him to his very inmost being. All at once, there is a flutter at his heart, a song in his blood, and a rapid working of his brain. His reason swoons and his imagination creates exquisite spirits of light and love. His soul flashes and runs liquidly, to merge into the soul of that woman and the great union is effected.

Woman is nearer to heaven than man. She is instinctively more æsthetic than him, because, love, which in the case of the average man is but a part of his life, forms almost the whole being of a woman. She lives in its atmosphere by day, and dreams of it by night. She has no other ambitions, besides the realization of her highest self. It may be that many women do not properly develop the essential part of themselves. Their home education may be deficient, their school studies might consist of incoherent facts and their lovers or husbands might be wrapped up in stock-exchange affairs, in which case, they live and die without nourishment to their famished souls. The proper guidance of men and women is a problem that the present takes up, with the great models of the past before it, and which the future will realize to a certain extent. There has been too much of telegraphs and steam-engines in the nineteenth century both in Asia and Europe. Some splendid dreamers have revolted against this persistent materialization of human life. Orientalized Europeans like Paul Verlaine, and Maeterlinck are as the morning stars, heralding the day that is to dawn, when women will realize that their duty in life is not to take part in politics and surpass men in boxing and fencing, but to act as the high-priestesses of beauty.

V. B. M.

Tiruvallam and the New Moon Festivities.

LOVE and reverence of the living for the dead has nowhere else manifested itself more than in India. In fact, the worship of ancestors is recognised as a part of our country's very creed. A true born Hindu would unstintingly expend his last farthing, only if he be sure that it would give comfort to his *Pithrus* or departed ancestors, and he makes it a point to perform the *Sradha* or anniversary ceremony once a year on the day of the month corresponding to the *tithi* or date of the death of his parents. Besides this, he has to do *Tarpanam* on new moon days for the satisfaction of his departed ancestors, who are residing, according to orthodox Hindu belief, in the lunar globe. A childless widow performs the *Sradha* of her lord. But such of the Hindus, among whom the *Marumakkathayam* line of inheritance prevails, do not perform this *Sradha* ceremony with any great accuracy. They do not generally care to remember the exact *tithi* when their ancestors passed away. They wait for the new moon days of *Audi* (July) and *Tai*, (January) when they discharge this debt of a *Sradha* to their departed mothers and maternal uncles whose property they inherit. Hence these two new moon days are of more than ordinary importance to the Nayars and the other *Marumakkathayam* people, who inhabit the West Coast. The day previous to the new moon also is deemed sacred and it is called the *Orrikkal* when these men take but one meal and that strictly vegetarian; in the night they either fast or take some light refreshment.

There is an astronomical explanation for the new moon, *Tarpanam*. We have already mentioned that the *manes* dwell in the moon. To the inhabitants of that globe, the day begins at the commencement of the latter half of our *Krishnashtami* (eighth *tithi* after the full moon to the inhabitants of the earth). The inhabitants of the moon enjoy midday light during *our* new moon. One month of ours counts but one complete day to the manes. The offerings we make on the new moon day are supposed to satisfy their daily wants in their life on the moon.

On this side of the Ghauts several places are held sacred for the performance of this function. Cape Comorin, Vurkalai and Tiruvallam are only a few out of the many. Special sanctity is attached to the last of these spots where an image of that soldier—Brahmin, Parasurama, is set up for worship. He to whom paternal words were more valuable than maternal affection, in that he murdered his mother at the bidding of his father Jamadagni, is perhaps nowhere else honoured with a temple. Tiruvallam is a beautiful sea-side village about four miles to the south of Trivandrum. The village gains greater sanctity because of the meeting of two small streams somewhere near it. It is a well-known characteristic of the Hindu to believe that divinity loves to reside where rivers meet, where lovely springs rise in valleys, where some hoary forest monarch stands, and where, in short, there are some manifestations of natural phenomena.

On new moon days, Tiruvallam presents a splendid spectacle, to adequately describe which we wish we were able. The weather might be fine and sunny or wet and dull. That has nothing to do with the festivities. Even before dawn, pilgrims begin to pour into the village. Thousands of visitors take their bath in the adjoining stream and without drying themselves sit in groups in a kneeling posture, with one leg under the other. The officiating priest who is generally a Brahmin, or at times even a Sudra mendicant with a rosary round his neck or a *Kayasha* cloth on his head, gives each member of the group a small plantain leaf with some wet, unboiled rice and gingelly seeds or *Tilakam*; a ring made of the sacrificial grass, *Darbha*, is worn by each of the Sradha-performing persons. The priest chants in a loud tone a few words in broken Malayalam, which if translated into English would roughly run thus: —"This sacred new moon day, I beg to offer this *pindam* or ball to my uncles and ancestors, who lived and died during the last 'three times seven, twenty-one generations.' May this *pindam* serve the purpose of the nectar of the gods and may I have the benefits of having performed this *Sradha* at Kasi, Gaya, Gokernam, Kannyakumari and other places!" This is sung in one voice, bit by bit, by the group; each man lifts the small leaf with its *pindam* above his head, wades into the water, slips the leaf behind his back as he plunges himself in the stream, returns to his priest, pays him the fees or *dakshana* and proceeds to the temple.

The temple is one mass of humanity; men block up the very entrance. You dare not step into the quadrangle of the shrine lest you may be elbowed and jostled by the crowd. It is a great sight to see thousands of people, all clad in pure white, thronging together to catch a glimpse of the divinity, that dwells in the sacred shrine. The priest waxes impatient, money presents are made by the pilgrims, but he feels he is not amply rewarded for his troubles. *Prasadams* of sandal and turmeric paste, he doles out to all visitors. Each of the pilgrims takes a pinch of it. If you be a devout Hindu you pay a chackram or two to the priest; but, when you step out of the temple, you are pretty sure of being besieged by mendicants, both male and female. It is most pitiable to see a chariable man encompassed on all sides, when he stretches out his hand to give a coin to a beggar. Only by feats of athletic skill could he escape the pulling of the beggars; at last he throws away the coin behind his back and runs for life. You see some beggars singing, some quarrelling, some abusing and others weeping.

All this continues till late in the noon. It is on such days that we feel there the pulsations of modern life. The number of carriages and carts that take pilgrims there, the canoes plying on the stream, the utter confusion that prevails everywhere about the stream, the swimming and shouting of boys, and the Sradha-performing men and women, can never fail to make a profound impression even on the most prosaic mind. A more delightful and livelier crowd, it is hardly possible to see elsewhere on new moon days. And who would not revel in the entrancement of such surroundings?

T. Ramalingam Pillai.

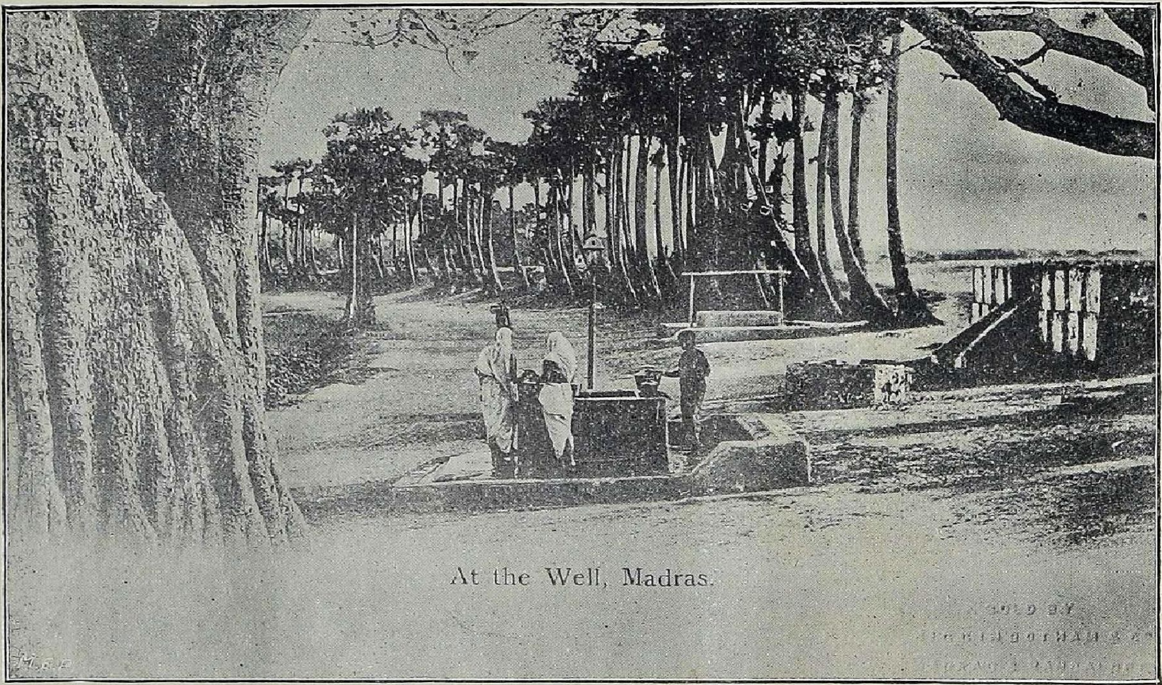
Three Illustrious Sisters.

THE three princesses, whose photos appear on the following page are the nieces of H. H. Kerala Varma, C. S. I., the Valiya Koil Thampuran. The eldest of the three was born in the year 1879, the second in 1883 and the third in 1885 at the "Ananthapuram Palace," Haripad. When young, a teacher, Chonakkara Unni Krishna Variyar was appointed to instruct them in Malayalam and Sanskrit, and a local 'Bhagavatar' (musician) to give them lessons in music. All these the princesses learnt with great quickness and intelligence. In after years, advanced lessons in Sanskrit were given them by their uncle, Mr. Ravi Varma Koil Thampuran, and it is an undoubted fact that they are good scholars in Sanskrit. Every year, in connexion with His Highness the Maharajah's birthday, they compose Sanskrit slokas and songs in praise of His Highness and publish them in the Travancore vernacular papers, which are largely appreciated. They are good musicians and play excellently on the 'vina.'

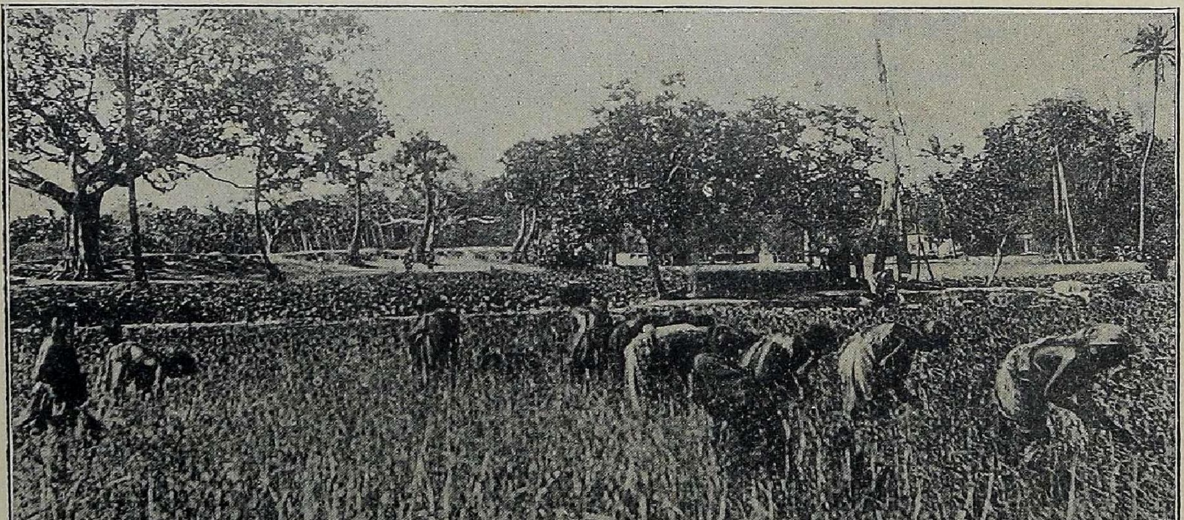
They are doing much to further the cause of Female Education in their native place. During Onam and Thiruvathira festivals, they invite the girl-students of the locality to their palace and give them presents in appreciation of their songs and their progress in school.

Even now they are continuing their Sanskrit studies. The youngest of the three knows a little English as well, the others also have a great desire to study English which they mean to do shortly. We hope that in English also they will attain to that standard which they have gained in Malayalam and Sanskrit and be like shining stars in their country.

THREE PRINCESSES OF TRAVANCORE.



At the Well, Madras.



Weeding the Paddy, Madras.

Things Seen.

I. At The Village Well-Side.

ONE dreamy evening we found ourselves by the village well-side—the forum as it were for Indian women. The stately palms whispered their melancholy dirge, while the light wind fitfully played through the rustling leaves of the great Banyan tree. The soft evening light dwelt lovingly on the tree-tops, while the ever lengthening shadows on the ground reminded us of the coming darkness. Silent, peaceful was the evening as if a spirit had passed over the plain and in passing had laid on it her magic wand of peace. The only sign of life was round the well-side, where were gathered together groups of Hindu women,—dusky brown girls in their warm colored graceful saris, their glossy raven black tresses set off by the pure white jasmine flowers in them, young widows, pitiful looking objects in their coarse white saris worn clumsily over the shorn heads, little brown toddling babies with their big solemn eyes—these formed the magic circle of life. It was here that they discussed their home-affairs, items of interest which had perhaps filtered down to them through many channels from the newspapers, bits of village gossip, a marriage, a death, a birth or some ceremony ; it was here they spent some time in happy recreation and amusement. The bright brass vessels are polished and polished till they faithfully reflect the rays of the setting sun and the bright laughing faces above them. The clear crystal water is drawn up from the cool pellucid depths below and they help one another to lift up their full vessels ; and with these gracefully poised on their heads or waists or shoulders, each one wends her homeward way through the gathering shadows, and once more silence reigns undisturbed round the well-side, except for the twittering birds, the whispering trees and the sighing wind, which breathe their secrets to one another as the lovely roseate hue of evening deepen into the pearly greys of twilight.

II. The Paddy Fields.

What a charming rural picture this is? It is a sight we see almost everywhere—a short walk out of town and we are in the midst of paddy fields. Bright patches of tender green with the ripening corn waving in the breeze stretch into the distance. In the middle of the fields we see little pathways winding in and out like ribbons, and at the end or centre of each field is the *picotta* —an upright beam supporting a cross beam on a pivot which works like a see-saw. At one end is a hollow bough to bring up the water, which is then emptied into a small reservoir, with which all the other irrigating channels of the field are connected. When living in a village, the monotonous chant of the picotta, even as they work in the early morning, often mingles drowsily with our half awake slumbers. Here and there among the green fields we see large branching trees of a tall cocoanut or date palm. Scattered at intervals in the field are rude little platforms raised on poles on which sits a little urchin to scare away the birds, and, if the field is very green and beautiful to the eye, it is a common sight to see hideous scarecrows perched up here and there as protection against the evil eye. In the picture we see the ill-clad labourers weeding the field. This is often done by women, specially old women, who are unfit for heavier work. There they work the whole livelong day in the scorching sun, at the end of which they receive perhaps a few coppers, which is barely sufficient for a proper meal. And over the workers and the work the bright sunlight lies, enhancing the beautiful green, whitening the ragged clothes of the labourers as they bend to their work, and effacing as it were for the time being the dark shadows of life, which lurk too perilously near.

AN INDIAN SONG OF LOVE.*

"On a summer night, long, long ago,
I walked in my rose-garden—cool and grey.
The pale cold moon was shedding her mystic light
On Neem and Peepul.
And the scent of roses and jasmine
Mixed in with the shimmering whiteness.

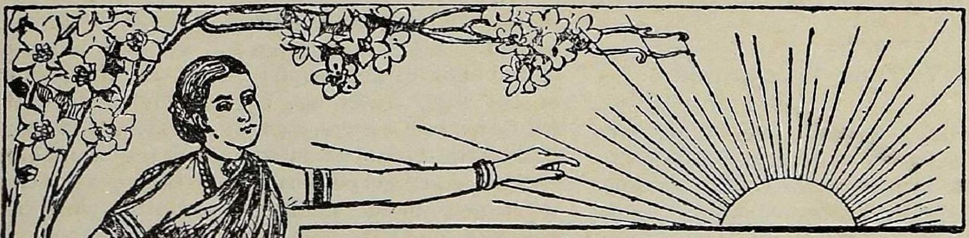
I saw thee lingering there among the roses
Crowned with them and robed in trailing white.
Or was it but a phantasy of moonlight
That beaconed me that night,
As I wandered with the burden of my longing,
Seeking ease?

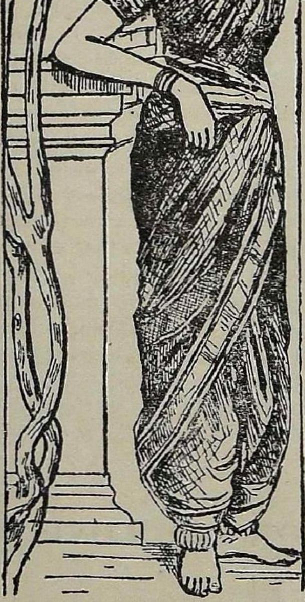
Lo, heart of my heart, I have sought thee—
Followed the breath of thy fragrance,
Wherever it scented the air—
Since thou didst call me, Beloved,
From out of the cluster of roses—
The lang'rous roses
Which thou didst caress.

I have wrestled with Yama, the Judge of the Dead,
And plunged from the earth
Down like a plummet to hell.
I have struggled with Indra, and sought thee in
Heaven;
In the realms of the sun and the moon and the stars,
I have followed my quest.

Ah, heart of my heart,
Speed not so fast, I pray thee—
Longer again midst the roses—
That I may touch my parted lips
To the hem of thy robe—just once, Beloved,
Ere I go hence to Yama ; for lo!
I am faint and weary with longing."

* Quoted from *The Mark*.





Our Special Indian Lady Contributors' Columns.

I.—A MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

IT was at a time when Nature herself had gone to rest and Earth lay slumbering beneath the dismal gloom that hung all around. The clock chimed the hour of midnight. I started on my exploration of the city. The streets were deserted. Not a sound was heard in the stillness of the night. The pale moon flitted overhead like a damsel sick of Love. The stars shone calm and clear on the earth. But man, not a trace of him! All the bustle and hum of human activity had subsided. The very trees had gone to sleep and were dreaming. The wind had sighed itself to rest. The dim, distant street lamp stared at me like an apparition. There was something pathetic in the scene, which touched the living chords of my soul and made me weep. Alas! Is this the end of all life? Is life but a pleasing illusion? My restless spirit wandered back over a thousand years; Cities, Lakes, Rivers, Mountains, Forests and Sunny Glades flashed before my mind's eye like living pictures. The dead had risen from their graves and flitted past me like shadows of ghosts. Hush! One prolonged wail of agony and another soul has flown to its heavenward destiny.

Here pale Misery utters a cry of despair and throws itself into the bosom of Hope. It is ever the same in this world. Happiness is the lot of only the fortunate few. I pictured to myself a time in the distant past, the "Golden Age" of this world, when men and women lived in their primitive simplicity and the demon vice had not yet darkened the fair earth. It pained me to think of the present with its materialistic tendencies and growing vices. To me it was a night full of the most sorrowful recollections; for it was on such a night that my only sister had bade me a long farewell, the farewell of the dead. Even now she stands before me, calm and serene, radiant and beautiful. As I thought of all this, I could not but exclaim with the philosopher, "O world! Thou art a fleeting show." How great is the destructive influence of Time? How many cities, which were once the seats of mighty civilisations, have been swept away by the roaring billows of time? Not a trace of them left behind! The intensely pathetic lines of Sir Edwin Arnold came to my mind:—"We are the voices of the wandering wind, which moan for rest and rest can never find. Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life. A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife." Ah! what is life but a speck, a span in the boundless ocean of Eternity! Lost in such thoughts, I wandered on, when a voice from above beckoned to me and spoke:—"Look up mortal frail, at the heavens studded with starry worlds and learn wisdom. Seest thou not that there is a mighty invisible Spirit holding sway over all things?"

It was then that I felt even amid the silence the presence of the ever-living, ever-moving force, God. Nature even then had a message to deliver. It was a simple message—"Love to God and love to our fellowmen"! "For life is nothing without love."

SARASVATI.

II.—BUDDHA'S RETURN TO HIS PALACE-HOME.

He (Buddha) had ridden forth from his father's palace, a brilliant young prince; he returned to it a wandering middle-aged preacher, with yellow robes and the begging bowl in his hand

(Taken from Hunter's "History of India")

I come to thee, oh palace halls,
The home of my boyhood bright,
I gaze again on thy fretted walls,
And thy towers of changing light.
I left thee in midnight's stillest breath
With a soul all riven and torn,

For a mightier Voice than the voices of earth
From the Spirit land upborne.
My new-born babe, I loved thee well—
Too well for a human heart
Which soon must hear the parting knell—
Which bids life and love depart.
Too much we love, whose earthly mould
Tells of pain and sorrow and death,
Of the fevered pulse lying still and cold
'Neath the taint of mortal breath.
And so I fled 'neath midnight skies;
And the still pale stars above
Looked down on riven human ties,
The death agony of love.
Till the passion of my breaking heart
Died into measureless calm,
And from wordly fetters, my soul apart
Could sing its quiet psalm.
What brooks it now these weary years
Of pain, and penance, and prayer?
What matters now those fruitless tears
To break the world's vain snare?
The earth's great heart of nobleness
Doth throb to one great truth—,
Renouncing all of selfishness
We aid the world's new growth.
This begging bowl, these saffron robes
What are they but the sign
That once for all my earthly hopes,
I laid at this high shrine?
And so a peace, as calm and sweet
As song from starry spheres,
Doth in my quieted pulses beat,
Too deep for earthly fears.

ZOI ROSE.

III.—THE STORY OF EVANGELINE.

'Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures and is patient, ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, list to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest; List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.'

LONGFELLOW.

Close upon two hundred years ago, what to-day they call Nova Scotia, was a vast meadow, overgrown with murmuring pines and the hemlocks bearded with moss and in garments green. No whistle of the steam engine nor the hurry of the newspaper boy was ever noticeable here, but a simple homely life even such as best appeals to a poet's mind! Low thatched houses, where the hearts of the inmates leaped 'like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman,' and where the men were sturdy farmers working from morn till eve, fearing their God, and honoring and loving their fellow-men; with nothing of that narrowness of heart, and alas! of the soul too, which characterises so many of us now. Their lives, says the poet, glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven. The village was called 'beautiful Grand Pre.' Towards the east was the sea, which was kept back by dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labour incessant. In the North rose a high mountain, 'where sea-fogs pitched their tents,' while to the west and south spread afar fields of flax and orchards and cornfields. Here, amidst this delightful scenery, lived the peaceful Acadian farmers. The women were generelly thrifty housewifes, ever busy, either with gossiping looms and noisy shuttles within doors, or milking the cows. Their houses were strongly built, and nature was as liberal with her gifts to the place as she was to the hearts of the owners. They had no fear of robbers. 'No locks had they to their doors nor bars to their windows.' And when the priest of the village was seen in the streets, the children paused in their play to kiss his extended arms, while matrons and maidens hailed his approach with words of 'affectionate welcome.'

Benedict Bellefontaine was the richest farmer in Grand Pre; an old man, of seventy winters, stately and hearty and hale, with locks as white as snow, and cheeks as brown as the oak leaves. A very simple man, proud of his 'folds for the sheep,' 'feathered seraglio of the turkeys, and 'his barns bursting with hay.' Life was to him a smooth river that glided along cheerfully. His heart was full of peace, and likewise in all the actions of the world he read peace. His house was firmly built, and commanded a beautiful scenery; and this house was governed by his daughter, a maiden of seventeen summers. Her eyes were black as the berry, and her tresses were brown and her breath was as sweet as the 'kines that feed on the meadows.' She was very fair, and when on Sunday morn she was seen in the street with her Norman cap and her chaplet of beads and her misssal, an ethereal beauty beamed from her face. When, after confession, she was homeward bound, her face had a celestial brightness in it, and when she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. A homely girl surely, with God's benediction upon her. She loved her father very tenderly, and directed the household with cleverness.

Such beauty, elegance and grace naturally attracted the youths of the village. They knocked at her door to speak some hurried words of love, and while they stopped to hear her footsteps knew not which beat louder, their 'hearts or the knocker of iron.' But Evangeline placed her affection on Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil, the Blacksmith, who was a mighty man in the village—a bold

dashing character, honored of all men; who was as fond of a horse-shoe as of any news from England or France. This Basil, the Blacksmith, and Benedict Bellefontaine were friends, and their children grew up from earliest childhood as brother and sister, and they had read from the self-same book. Now they had grown up, and the affection of brother and sister gave place to one of a stronger kind. 'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie' as Evangeline, 'the pride of the village,' was called, began to look upon her early friend with a kindlier and more loving eye; which look was read aright by both Bellefontaine and Basil, and accordingly their marriage was settled.

Now we must pause to reflect upon the easy life in the village of Grand Pre. Hardworking men and women, surrounded by luxuriant Nature; each loving the other with a brother's or sister's affection; ready to help his neighbour; hearts open to sympathy with fellowmen. The picture becomes more attractive, when Faith and Fear in God hovers above all their doings, looking upon the Church and the priest with an almost childish reverence and love. And, turning to Evangeline, we see in her a young smiling maiden of seventeen, her heart full of love to her father and her Gabriel. At morn and eve she was among the cows; and, while her father was singing 'fragments of old songs and carols of Christmas' before the wide mouthed fire-place, Evangeline seated close at his side was perhaps 'spinning flax for the loom.' Outside, noisy groups rejoiced and gossiped together, and this even when darkness and danger were frowning upon them. 'Every house was an inn, where 'all were welcomed and feasted; for with this 'simple people, who lived like brothers together, 'all things were held in common, and what one 'had was another's.'

Here we must sprinkle a little history on our story. Acadia, or as it is now called Nova Scotia, was ceded to Britain by the French in 1713. The people never liked the change; but their wishes were never consulted. Months rolled on, and war again broke out between the French and the English; and the Acadians were accused of helping their friends, [the French, in the siege of Beau Sejour. They were accused, but the accusation was never proved. Nevertheless English ships were riding at their anchors in the Basin of Minas, with orders to remove the simple Acadians from their village, their beautiful village of Grand Pre, and to proclaim that all their lands and their dwellings and cattles of all kinds were forfeited to the Crown, and that they themselves must be transported to other lands.

It was the eve of Evangeline's marriage. Basil and Bellefontaine were merrily smoking their pipes before the wide-mouthed fireplace. Basil, the Blacksmith, was speaking eloquently upon the presence of the English ships in the bay. He was full of surmises of evil; Bellefontaine on the other hand was hopeful. Perhaps the harvest had failed in England, and they had come to feed their cattle and children from our bursting barns. Anyhow, says the peaceful farmer, let no shadow of sorrow darken our household to-day, but let us be glad and rejoice in the joy of our children. Our children—and where were they? Apart by the window, they stood with their hands in each other's. Evangeline, Love's Perfection as she might be called, was tremulous with delight even when she had opened the door for Basil the Blacksmith, for she knew 'by her beating heart who was with him.'

The notary enters on the scene. The dower of the bride is named in 'flocks of sheep and in cattle,' but better than these were the linen and woollen stuffs on the spacious shelves of her bed-room, 'being proof of her skill as a housewife.' All things, having proceeded orderly, and the wine cup having danced its round, the old men were soon at the game of draught-board in friendly contention, while, says the Poet,

> 'Apart in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure, sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise over the palid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows.'

And when they parted, 'many a farewell word and sweet good-night of the door-step lingers long in Evangeline's heart and fills it with gladness.' Evangeline entered the door of her chamber with soundless steps, 'lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden'; she puts out the lamp, for the moon shone in her room with a mellow and radiant light; and

> 'The heart of the maiden swelled and obeyed the power like the tremulous tides of the ocean. Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with her naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber. Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.'

Yet she thought of Gabriel alone; and now and then a feeling of sadness comes over her as the shade of clouds in the moonlight. Poor innocent girl, the future is dark before her!

Morning dawned in the beautiful village of Grand Pre, and with it 'the Summons Sonorous' of the tower bell sounded, and the Church was filled with the men of the village, where they were to hear the proclamation of the English Captain. The women waited without; the bomb-shell of a proclamation burst upon them—they were declared prisoners, the men! The poet describes the scene by a beautiful simile. "As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice

of summer, suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sting of the hail-stones beats down the farmers' corn in the field, and shatters the windows............ so on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker." Desperate cries were heard, and our Basil, the Blacksmith, was the foremost to cry—Down with the tyrants of England!—and he was the first to endure the merciless hand of a soldier who smote him upon the mouth.

And the women? The news had spread in the village. Evangeline stood at her father's door; the sun was flooding the low-thatched roofs with his golden light. Her right hand shielded her eyes from the sun-beams, and there she stood—who can describe her anxiety? She had prepared everything for the reception of her father, and alas! for her Gabriel, and she waited—but waited in vain. She heard the tidings of ill, and her heart sank. Naturally endowed with a mind awake to the feelings of affection, how must she have felt the iron words which fell upon her ears? Instead of seeing her Gabriel coming to her with extended arms,—instead of seeing her old father returning from the Church, for whom she had already placed ' at the head of the board his " great arm chair "—instead of seeing them, she sees wild sorrow and fright in the looks of all those she meets with, spreading the terrible news like wildfire!

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen. And from the fields of her scul a fragrance celestial ascended. Charity, meekness, love and hope and forgiveness and patience? She cannot wait at the solitary doors any longer. Forgetting herself, she wanders forth, cheering with words and looks, the disconsolate women? Imagine this! A young girl, afflicted with a sorrow beneath which the strongest heart might give way, cheering the hearts of others with words and smiles! " Fairest of all maids," indeed was she, fairest in face and in soul!

The sun had set now, and darkness descended from the wings of night. Evangeline alone, unattended, wandered in the Churchyard with its hundred ' graves of the dead.' She looked at each window—she listened at each door—but all was silence. Darkness around—silence, a solemn silence in the grave-yard—while within her own soul a deeper darkness, a darker silence prevailed! Her overburdened heart gives way. ' Gabriel', at last she cried out in emotion, in a voice tremulous and sad—' Gabriel'—resounded from the graves. Gabriel—a void, a gap in her heart which nothing can fill! She returns at length to her house, haunted with phantoms of terror. Nature revolted at the cruelty of the English. Lightning flashed and thunder roared—and this told her that God was in Heaven and governed ' the world he created.' Poor Evangeline, with a world's weight in her tender bosom, hopes that God will see justice done on earth, and this hope soothes her troubled soul and she ' peacefully slumbered.' And this is life! But yesterday a flushing maid in the arms of her lover, and to-day, anxious and mourning, the fate of her lover and father uncertain.

Four days were the peaceful peasants of Acadia imprisoned, and, on the fifth, they were led to the sea-shore where boats and ships were awaiting to take them off from their father-land. Evangeline waited on the way. Her heart was bursting with emotion. She sees her father—Is it her father indeed! Where is the fire in his eye? where is the glow in his cheek? With a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him, speaking words of endearment where words ' of comfort availed not.' But she has already seen her Gabriel, and already has she clasped his hands and laid her head on his shoulder. And what does she say?—' Gabriel, be of good cheer, for if we love one another, nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mischance may happen.'—Smilingly she spoke these words!' Here is affection indeed! Think of that assurance of love, when it says, ' if we love one another, nothing in truth can harm us.'

Here opens the scene of Evangeline's trials. Her father, whom she loved so tenderly, dies on the sea-shore when he sees his house on fire. He is buried on the shore. Meanwhile the whole village is one burning light! Poor Evangeline, she knelt at her father's side, and ' wailed aloud in her terror.' Where is he, Gabriel Lajennesse, who ought to have stood by her and consoled her? Alas! he had been already pushed into a boat, and was wringing his hands for having been separated from his dear Evangeline. Evangeline saw and trembled. Father lost and buried on the sea-shore! Lover lost and away in the waters! At last they too were pushed in, the priest and the maiden Evangeline! There, tossed in the surging sea, with a sea more boisterous within her, Evangeline sailed on—Life in all its horrors and uncertainties stretched before her.

S. Panrutty.

(*To be continued.*)

" Discretion of speech is better than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words."

Bacon.

The Thevangu.

Of the many curious things that first drew me to the Madras museum, popularly known as the Dead College, the first object that attracted my attention was a glass case in which was imbedded what appeared to me to be a round mass of something, about the size of a shorn cocoanut, having a grey coat of bristling fur all over it. At first I was at a loss to make out what this ball-like object was, whether to take it for a vegetable, or to class it with a stone, having a fungoid growth encrusting it. But being enlightened by the keeper there that it was a living being, I was the more astonished, for I saw in it neither a head nor a tail, nor eyes or ears, but only a homogeneous mass of some woolly stuff. What with shouting and shaking, we made it at last to assume a living form, and lo! it was not like any creature I had seen before.

The head was like that of a fox but with larger and more prominent eyes, the arms and legs were so slender that even a baby could break them, and the stomach was protruding in bold relief like that of an over-fed child, and last of all there was not the least sign of a tail. After moving about in its perch for a few minutes, it deliberately sat in the fork of its perch and caught hold of two of the branches with its hands and feet, rolled itself again into a ball and concealing its head between its legs, went to sleep again without the slightest notice of us whatever.

This happened some years back, since when I have been noting many of its peculiar pranks. It is known among the natives as the Thevangu (slender limbs) or among the Europeans as the slender Loris. It is an inhabitant of many of the South Indian forests, an arboreal creature, and is such a lazy loon that nothing can make it come down from the tree on which it resides. It moves on the tree from branch to branch so slowly as to make it almost difficult to be perceived and the only part, that is prominent in it is its bloated stomach. It is very rarely seen during the day time, for it spends the major portion of the day in sleep either in its roost on the branches or in some hole in the trunk of a tree, and comes out only at night and stealthily crawls over the branches in search of some insect or other to feed upon. A pious Hindu, commenting on its diurnal sleeping habits, told me that it was due to a big sage's curse, time out of mind; that the Thevangu was once a great Indian Prince, who was thus transformed for disturbing the great sage's penance, and it spends the day not in sleep but in earnest prayer to the sage to absolve it from the cruel curse. Whatever this may be, the physical cause is not far to seek. The eyes of the creature are large and being unable to control its pupils which are proportionately larger, the strong rays of daylight are too much for this poor animal and it is forced to keep its eyes shut during the day, just like persons suffering from ophthalmia or eye-sore find it very difficult to contract their pupils and thus regulate the amount of light entering the eyes. So the darkness of the night is a great relief to it. And its power of seeing at night is so keen that it can stealthily approach insects, that crawl on the barks of trees and catch them up unawares, and it can sight even the approach of distant foes. Thus it obtains its food at night and at peep of dawn it retreats to its hole or goes to sleep in the fork of a branch. Its slender limbs resemble the twigs of a tree, the body a protrusion in the course of a branch. These together with its grey colour enable it to hide itself securely among the branches and to be passed over by many a hungry foe. They also form themselves into companies, companies not for eating or fighting, but for sleeping. At such times two or three perch close to one another, each catching hold of another, and all lie huddled up together so as to form an indistinguishable round mass.

They are very stupid animals and allow themselves to be easily caught by man and are brought in large numbers to the Madras market, where they find a ready sale as they are much valued by native physicians and sorcerers. The native quacks use the eyes of the Loris in effectually treating complicated cases of eye diseases. The eyes are also of much use to the native magicians, inasmuch as they form one of the chief ingredients of a peculiar ointment by which they are able to perform various necromantic deeds. The sorcerer is reported to pluck out in a crude way the eyes of the Loris while the animal is alive, and together with the eyes of a still born first child he boils them in a virgin's blood, seating himself on the burial ground, at dead of night during a new moon day. To this he adds various gruesome mixtures and prepares the whole into a sort of unguent, which is very rigidly guarded by him. A touch of this paste on the right eyelid will enable a man to discover all the hidden treasures of the earth, and he is also credited with the power of attracting to himself any person whom he wants to injure.

'INCA.'

The Royal Visit to India.

INDIA has long been preparing to receive T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales; and, now that they have come, we hail them with the heartiest welcome. Very enthusiastic was the reception given by the people of Bombay to Their Royal Highnesses; and, indeed it ought to be so, for this ever-to-be-memorable visit is typical of the warm interest in each other which exists between England and India. There are, and ought to be, warm patriots in India who ever try to advance in every way the interests of their own beautiful country; but there are scarcely any such patriots, who have not agreed, says an Indian paper, "in recognising the British position in India as a dispensation of Divine Providence for the good of the country." Indian patriotism goes hand in hand with a hearty recognition of the benefits conferred on India by the British rule. On the other hand, the King-Emperor has ever regarded India with warm interest and love. H. R. H. the Prince, in his first speech in India, expressed this feeling in touching terms:

"Just thirty years ago, all but a day, my dear father, the King-Emperor, was standing not far from this very spot, and was saying that it had been the dream of his life to see India. (Loud cheers.) The Princess and I have had similar anticipation; and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the manner in which you and your fellow-workers have brought these dreams to realisation. In thus following in the footsteps of my father, we are but carrying out the traditions established by him, and one which, I trust, will be repeated as generation succeeds generation. I hope, and indeed, I am confident, that the same loving interest in this great Continent, which was inspired in my father's heart by his visit to India, and which has never abated, will equally come to us. (Cheers.) If, as we travel through the various countries which make up this great Empire, the Princess and I can win the sympathy and good-will of the peoples of India, we shall secure a precious result from the voyage which we have been privileged to undertake. It is the last stage of our memorable and happy mission of four years ago to his Majesty's great Dominions across the Seas. I have inherited from my father (cheers) and from our late beloved Sovereign (cheers), your first Queen-Empress, a love for India and for Indians. (Cheers.) From my youth I have associated the name of India with qualities of kindness, loyalty, courtesy and bravery, and I doubt not that these early ideas will be confirmed and strengthened by the experiences which await me in the next few months. (Cheers.) We cannot, as we should like, see all your many institutions, but we hope to have opportunities of gaining some insight into those of a similar character in other parts of India. We both hope to carry home with us, not only a warm sympathy and affection for the people of India, but an increased and abiding interest in India's wants and problems, and an acquaintance with the various classes, official and non-official, British and Indian, which, under God's Providence, are labouring to one end—the well-being of India and the happiness of her peoples."

Surely these kind words justify the loyalty which Indians have ever felt for their British sovereign.

Very interesting indeed was the reception given on the 11th by the Indian ladies of Bombay to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, the first Princess of Wales to land on the shores of India. Many typical ancient ceremonies were gone through. We give a short account of them taken from the *Madras Mail*:

The Princess, on arrival at the Town Hall, was received on the steps by Lady Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the President, Lady Aga Ali Shah, Lady Petit, Lady Hurkisondas and Mrs. Budroodin Tyebjee, Vice-Presidents, and Lady Dhunbai Jehangir and Miss Sherin M. Cursetjee, Honorary Secretaries and Treasurers. Girls from the various Indian Schools of Bombay lined the steps, and sang the National Anthem in Gujerati as Her Royal Highness ascended the first platform of steps. Next, the Indian ceremony called "Vadhavi Laivoo" or spirit of self-sacrifice, was performed by Lady Dinshaw Petit, who held an egg in her hand and revolved it over the head of the Princess, signifying that, in the seven cycles of the world, as believed by Hindus, no evil would come near the Princess and every evil would turn to good as the destruction of the egg produced substantial food. In like manner, a cocoanut was held in her hand by Lady Petit, signifying that the Princess may never lack food, water or shelter. The husk represented the roof and the shell made the cup. Afterwards, a little water in a tray was poured over the Princess's head to indicate a wish that during the cycles of her life, she might never meet with drought, but that there should always be abundance of water around her. Some rice was scattered over the Princess's head, signifying the wish that she might have not only enough of food but also abundance of it, so as to scatter it about. Little golden and silver flowers were thrown about the Princess to express the wish that wherever God may guide her footsteps, they may be attended by fragrance and brightness. The "Ovanna" ceremony was next performed to signify that if Lady Petit could take unto herself all the evils of the Princess, she would do so with the greatest cheerfulness. There were other Hindu ceremonies performed by native ladies. There were handed round trays with lights burning in them, signifying that wherever the Princess turned, light and brightness and happiness might be accorded to her. The ceremony of "Soobh-Mangal" was performed by Mrs. Chandavarkar, Lady Hurkisondas and Mrs. Vithaldas Damodar Thackersey. On the arrival of the Princess at the door of the entrance hall, Begum Mamtazan Nasrula Khan performed the ceremony of "Kher Makadam." After this an offer was made of *nazzar* of gold and silver coins which were touched and remitted, and were afterwards distributed to the poor. Other Mahomedan ladies at the same time scattered all kinds of nuts about Her Royal Highness, signifying that as nuts produce oil, the oil of peace might ever be poured on the tropical waters of her life.

The Princess's reply to this reception was simple and effective :

"Lady Jehangir and Ladies,—I thank you all very warmly for your kind and graceful greetings. I know the feelings which have prompted you to present this Address to me and you certainly have succeeded in making my first impressions of the women of India bright, happy and hopeful. One of my chief objects in this Tour is to see as much as possible of my Indian sisters; for, I believe that the more I see of the reality of your lives, the more I shall admire and esteem the high qualities for which the Indian woman is renowned. If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, then, to use the words of your Address, I shall carry Home agreeable memories and a sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard and good will."

Before this reception, a Purdah party had been held by the Princess on the 10th.

Their Royal Highnesses spent six days in Bombay, during which several important functions were gone through. Visits attended with full ceremonies and state honours were received from the leading chiefs ; and His Royal Highness returned, during the course of his stay, most of these visits. On the 10th instant, there was the grand function of the opening of Princess Street, a work which had been constructed for sanitary and trade improvement purposes. On the 11th, there was the laying of the foundation stone of the Prince of Wales Museum. Sunday was a quiet day. On the 13th, the foundation stone of the Alexandra Dock was laid. On the 14th, there was an investiture ceremony and private audiences were given to conspicuous citizens. During these important six days, there was a round of State levees, Government House receptions, entertainments, balls, illuminations. It is a hard and wearying task for Their Royal Hignesses to go through such arduous functions ; but they are doing this duty with the greatest pleasure and willingness and show an interest in everything they see in this to their strange land. Nor have they neglected the poorer people. There was a drive through the native part of the town on the 10th, and a People's Fair, the presence of Their Royal Highnesses which gave great delight to the lower classes. We must not omit to mention that the Honorary degree of the Doctor of Laws was conferred by the Calcutta University on the Prince of Wales.

On the 14th, the Royal visitors left Bombay and arrived at Indore, where presentations were made to them on the station platform of the Central Indian Chiefs and the leading British officers. There was a dinner at the Residency. On the 16th, after ceremonial calls at the Residency, was held the Chiefs' durbar, at which the leading Indian Chiefs were presented. After a garden party at the Residency, there was a state dinner and then came the investiture ceremony at which two honours were conferred. One of the honours recipients was the Begum of Bhopal, the wise and capable ruler, though a woman, of the second Mahomedan State in the British Dependency. A graceful little figure in her shrouding *burka*—for she preserved the strictest purdah—the Begum was the observed of all observers, both at the Reception and at the investiture ceremony, at the close of the latter of which, she made a touching little speech, thanking the Prince. On the 17th, there was an inspection of the troops, then some ceremonial visits, then the opening of the King Edward Hall. It is noticeable that in Indore also the poor were not forgotten, for there was a hospitable feast for them.

On the 17th, the Royal party left Indore and arrived at Udaipur on the 18th, where their welcome was very hearty and most picturesquely arranged.

Editorial Notes.

Lord Curzon's last speech in India.

Lord Curzon's farewell speech at the Byculla Club, Bombay will, I am sure, have appealed to many a thinking mind. In it the strong personality of the speaker is apparent from beginning to end. He has laid before the eyes of the public a retrospect of his administrative career in India, his motives and policy. Though public opinion has often heaped odium on him, yet he declares that his one aim has been

To leave India permanently stronger and more prosperous, to have added to the elements of stability in the national existence, to have cut out some sources of impurity or corruption, to have made dispositions that will raise the level of administration, not for a year or two, but continuously, to have lifted the people a few grades in the scale of well-being, and to have enabled the country or the Government better to confront the dangers or the vicissitudes of the future.

We see the personal note of regret in his speech, regret at leaving a land which is dear to him; and, looking back upon his seven years' rule, he thus sums it up :—

Gentlemen, it is almost seven years ago that I stood upon the neighbouring quay on the morning that I landed to take up my new office. Well do I remember the occasion and the scene, the Bunder gay with bunting and brilliant with colour, the background of the acclaiming streets with their tens of

thousands and the setting of the stateliest panorama in Asia. I do not deny that to me it was a very solemn moment. For I was coming here to take up the dream of my life and to translate into fact my highest aspirations. In that spirit I endeavoured to respond to the Address of the Corporation, and were I landing again to-morrow would use the same language again. Oceans seem now to roll between that day and this—oceans of incident and experience, of zest and achievement, of anxiety and suffering, of pleasure and pain. But as I stood then that morning and the vista spread out before me, I said that I came to India to hold the scales even; and as I stand here to-night, seven years later, I dare to say in all humility that I have done it. I have held the scales even between all classes and all creeds, sometimes to my detriment, often at a cost that none but myself can tell, but with such truth and fidelity as in me lay. I further said that the time for judgment was not when a man puts on his armour, but when he takes it off. Even now I am fast unbuckling mine. In a few hours the last piece will have been laid aside. But, gentlemen, the test, can I survive my own test? The answer to that I must leave to you, among many others, and by your verdict I am willing to abide.

Of the many difficulties attendant upon a Viceroy's career, of his various responsible duties, he has much to say, and he firmly believes that England ought to send her best statesmen to fill this great post: and, turning to his own rule, he says, that he always had four main principles in his mind, "the recognition that for every department of the State and for every branch of the Administration there must be a policy instead of no policy, *i.e.*, a method of treating the subject in question, which is based upon accepted premises either of reasoning or experience and is laid down in clear language, understood by the officers who have to apply it, and intelligible to people to whom it is to be applied"; the second is, that the real people of India, are "the India poor, the Indian peasant, the patient, humble millions, the 80 per cent. who subsist by agriculture, who know very little of politics, but who profit or suffer by their results, and whom men's eyes, even the eyes of their own countrymen, too often forget." This is a great principle, and every one should endeavour to alleviate by ever so little the sufferings of the patient silent men and women, who go uncomplainingly on with their work and who form "the bone and sinew of the country."

Lord Curzon's third principle refers to the educated classes and that is:

"To be frank and outspoken, to take them into open confidence as to the views and intentions of the Government, to profit by public opinion instead of ignoring it, not to flatter or cozen, but never to mystify or deceive. I have always held that Governors are the servants of the public, and that policies are not such high and holy things as not to admit of clear exposition and candid argument for all who care to hear. I cannot say that I have everywhere been rewarded for this confidence, but I have pursued it as part of a definite policy, for there has not been an act or an aim of Government."

whose sincerity I have not been prepared to vindicate, and to me there is something manlier in treating your critics with respect than in pretending that you are unaware even of their existence."

The last principle has already been shadowed forth in his aim. It is to work, not merely for the present pressing needs of the country, but to look ahead, to build up the future, not to be occupied just with the heavy work of the day, for to-morrow we die, but to work so that a solid foundation may be laid for the elaborate structure that might be raised on it later on.

He has resigned for two great principles, firstly, the hitherto uncontested, the essential, and, in the long run, the indestructible subordination of military to civil authority; and secondly, the payment of due and becoming regard to Indian authority in determining India's need. It is on account of these that he has been forced to resign.

He then speaks of his own love for India.—India he says, "who after 200 years still stands like some beautiful stranger before her captors, so defenceless, so forlorn, so little understood, so little known"—a breath which is borne in upon us in our every-day life. Then one more great word and this truly remarkable speech comes to an end. What is the lofty ideal that every Englishman should have before him?

"To fight for the right, to abhor the imperfect, the unjust or the mean, to swerve neither to the right hand nor to the left, to care nothing for flattery, or applause, or odium, or abuse—never to let your enthusiasm be soured, or your courage grow dim, but to remember that the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of His ploughs in whose furrow the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, and to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice, or happiness, or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism, a drawn of intellectual enlightenment or a stirring of duty where it did not before exist, such has been his watchword and such his aims."

Public opinion has often misunderstood Lord Curzon; but this great ruler has ever, without looking to the right or the left, kept his own great principles before him. His is a great intellect, a capable mind. Many of his regulations may have seemed irksome and some may have been misplaced and mistaken; but in every one of them he has done what seemed to him right. And indeed none can deny that in many a difficult situation, he has exactly grasped the state of affairs and has acted perfectly in accordance with the needs of that situation. Even in his resignation,—a situation, which can be so easily, and has been so much, misunderstood,—Lord Curzon kept unswervingly to his principles. India's heartiest thanks for some of his work at least, are due to this great Viceroy, who, as he says, ever looked

forward to his responsible post, as "the dream of his childhood;" and, when the dream was fulfilled, its arduous duties, as "the fulfilled ambition of his manhood, and the highest conception of his duty to the state."

As regards the presence of Lady Curzon among us, this is what Sir Denzil Ibbetson says; in his speech proposing the toast of Their Excellencies at the Farewell Ball in Simla, he referred to Lady Curzon as follows:

"As for Her Excellency, with her queenly and gracious bearing, it has been a privilege and a delight simply to watch her moving amongst us. Hers is one of those beautiful presences which are among God's best gifts to men. But she has been much more than a mere presence. Hers has been the woman's role, and right well has she fulfilled it. Always upon the watch for opportunities of doing good, no tale of distress has ever fallen upon a deaf ear, no work of charity has ever lacked her active sympathy and her generous support. She, too, has been conspicuous for gracious acts of consideration which have endeared her to so many of us for that intuitive and sympathetic tact which is so essentially a woman's attribute, and, if I may venture upon the ground the privacy of which renders it in a manner sacred, she, as wife and mother, is the central figure of a family circle which has been to us a standing example of all that is best and most admirable in our English home life."

The Mussalman Purdah and Female Education.

It is a significant sign of the times that the Purdah question has of late been attracting considerable attention. The publication in our pages of an exhaustive paper on the subject sixteen months ago inaugurated a discussion which we see is being continued in the public press even up to the present time. Learned articles have appeared in the leading Mussalman magazines of India, Egypt, Turkey, England, and the United States and a study of these contributions is commendable from many points of view. But, owing to limitations of time and space, we cannot apparently undertake the task. Still we feel it necessary to refer to an article on the subject, which "a Mohamedan" has contributed to the *Madras Mail* of the 7th instant. It is in a way a review of the situation and summarises the arguments for and against the Purdah. The writer holds, and rightly, that the question should be decided from a rational point of view, and not upon sentimental considerations. He admits the disastrous effects, which the system of seclusion engenders on the physical and mental growth of Mohamedan women. He considers it "a libel on the women of Islam to hold that our women cannot be trusted with that liberty which our Christian, Parsee and Hindu sisters enjoy." He feels that thousands upon thousands of the poorer classes of Mohamedan women cannot "eke out their livelihood, if they must keep themselves enshrouded in the Purdah." Nay, more, he is convinced "that the ordinary affairs of life cannot be transacted by those who can afford to remain behind the Purdah."

The writer believes that the Purdah controversy has so far been barren of results. We think he is here neglecting to take note of the overwhelming mass of public opinion which the controversy has elicited in favour of the anti-purdah movement. It is no doubt true that the movement has made itself unpopular with the masses of the community. But that is the way in which all good and noble causes are treated in the beginning, and it only shows that the movement has succeeded in making an impression on the common people. The writer is deluding himself when he says that "the *purdahnashins* "themselves are content to pass their lives with- "in the precincts of the zenana, apparently "secure in the thought that stone walls do not "a prison make nor iron bars a cage." The Mohamedan society has long since passed that stage. Witness, for instance, the writings of Mohamedan ladies in the pages of this magazine, *Khatoon* or *Tahzib-un-Niswan*. They have come to feel that the life of the zenana is too narrow for them and have learnt to put forward their claims for light and liberty in language which is unmistakable.

More than all this, we are concerned with the means which "a Mohamedan" proposes of grappling with many of the evils incidental to life behind the purdah. He believes that "Ze- "nana schools have failed to attract the better "classes of Mohamedan girls," and, therefore, recommends an organised system of female education conducted on modern lines with special reference to the needs of the higher classes of Mohamedans and imparted *in their homes*. The teachers should be trained Europeans or Eurasians in preference to natives —with, of course, a good knowledge of Urdu. The same curriculum should be adopted as is pursued in ordinary girls' schools—at least until experience should suggest desirable modifications. In other words, what is advocated is a system of home education classes conducted by trained European and Eurasian mistresses under the auspices of Government. This is no doubt a good plan of pushing up female education among our Mohamedan countrymen, but it embodies a sorry confession that the community is altogether helpless in the matter and looks up to Government to do the needful. Mohamedans are not satisfied with the system of female education, which now exists and which has proved so beneficial in the case of other communities and wish that Government should initiate for their sake a new and

costly system of home classes. It does not seem to be advisable that the community should in this matter altogether depend on Government. It is an axiomatic truth which we need not take pains to elaborate that no movement of reform can be successful with any community unless it is inaugurated by that community itself. Moreover, Government has been for several decades preaching to the community the gospel of self-help and self-reliance and it would not be to their credit if they should now request the Government to find a remedy for the effects of their defective social system. We think it would be far more manly if the community took the initiative and looked up to Government only to supplement their efforts. Under the current system of grant-in-aid, half of the charges of home education are payable by Government, provided the teachers appointed work for five hours a day and teach not less than ten pupils. All communities, except Mohamedans, have taken advantage of this liberal provision, and we do not see why in this respect a serious attempt should not be made by the leaders of the Mohamedan community to follow the successful example of their fellow-countrymen. We are aware that in the poverty-stricken condition of the Mohamedan community, female education cannot by these means be sufficiently advanced, unless the rigour of the Purdah is relaxed. But what we are anxious to press home to the minds of our Mohamedan brethren is, that if they are not prepared to change a custom which they admit operates unfavourably on the growth and well-being of their society, the proper thing is not to look up to Government to launch a costly system specially for their benefit, but to try to do the needful themselves.

What is being done for and by Indian Ladies.

Some of the educated ladies in Calcutta are contemplating starting an institution somewhat like a home for helpless Hindu widows.

—A meeting of over 500 ladies, of Brahmin, Marwari, Gujarathi, Kunbi, and the other communities, was held at Theosophical Lodge, Amraoti, on the Swadeshi movement. Mrs. Knaparde, Mrs. Joshi, Mrs. Lele and others made stirring speeches and admired the patriotic efforts of boys throughout India. They said that as worthy mothers it was their sacred duty to strengthen the cause. A resolution for using Swadeshi articles was enthusiastically passed.

—The Nizam of Hyderabad has given Rs. 7 lakhs for a Women and Children Hospital the foundation-stone of which will be laid by the Princess of Wales who along with Lady Curzon, Lady Ampthill, Mrs. Bailey and other ladies will contribute.

—Our ladies, says the *Indian Mirror*, have taken most kindly to the Swadeshi movement. In Calcutta, Patna, Dacca, Mymensing and other places, ladies' Swadeshi meetings are being held galore, and the Welkin rings with the tinkle of breaking choories.

—His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda has offered a prize of Rs. 200 for the best English essay on "The Ideal of Hindu Womanhood, with practical suggestions for its Realization." The essay is open to competition by any person in India.

—An appeal to Bengali ladies has been issued under the signature of Mr. A. M. Bose and six others of our national leaders, requesting them to remember their countrymen on the Bhratridvitiya Day. As they bless and entertain their brothers and cousins on that auspicious day, they are asked to bless those millions of their countrymen "who have not sufficient food, whom disease has reduced to skeletons, and whose very clothes have to be imported from across the seas. They should contribute what little they can on that auspicious day of the year for the industrial and agricultural improvement of the country."

—The lady members of the Rudrakar Ladies' Association in the Faridpur District have taken a solemn vow to eschew foreign articles of luxury, foreign choories, (glass bangles), foreign cloth and resolved to be content with such articles of luxury as are home-made and procurable in India.

—The next annual meeting of the Mohamedan Educational Conference will be held at Aligarh during the forthcoming Christmas holidays, and it has been announced by the Secretary of the Female Education Section of the Conference that an Industrial Exhibition for females will also be held along with it, in which all sorts of works prepared by Indian ladies will be exhibited. Hindu, Parsee, and other ladies who belong to communities other than Mohamedans are also cordially invited to take part in the Exhibition and to send in the needlework or other results of their workmanship. Prizes in the shape of medals or testimonials will be awarded on some selected exhibits and the competition will be open to ladies of all Indian nationalities.

—A widow-remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 2nd October under the auspices of the Widow-Remarriage Association. The parties belong to the Modh Chacharvedi Brahmin caste. The bride, Bai Parvati, of Ahmedabad, is aged 22, and had become a widow at the age of 11. The bridegroom, Jani Ishwar Naran, of Jaspar, in

the Kalol taluka of the Baroda State, is of 30 years of age.

—A second widow-remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 5th October under the auspices of the Widow Re-marriage Association. The ceremony was performed according to the Arya Samaj rites, both parties being Arya Samajists. The bride, Bai Gulab Devi, daughter of Morlidhar Nanakram, is aged 18; she had become a widow at the age of 13. She has her parents' consent to this remarriage. Her mother gave a present of Rs. 15 for *pagdi* (turban) to the bridegroom. Her father is in South Africa and he has signified his consent by letter. She is a Kanojia (Panch Gowd) Brahmin by caste. She is a trained school-mistress and has studied English up to the fifth standard. She is a resident of Ahmedabad. The bridegroom, Mr. Harilal Premanand Bhatt, is a resident of Umreth in the Kaira District. He is matriculated. He is employed as Treasury officer at Amnagar, the capital of the Idar State. He is a Khedwal Brahmin by caste. His age is 35. He gave a *palla* of Rs. 300 to the bride.

—Yet a third widow-remarriage is reported by the Secretary of the Widow-Remarriage Association, Ahmedabad. It was celebrated there on the 26th October last. The bride, Bai Tarabai, aged 18, is by caste a Deccani Konkanastha Brahmin, and is a resident of Baroda. The bridegroom, Vyas Chhotalel Motiram, aged 20, is a Tapodhan Brahmin by caste, and is a resident of Sojitra in the Baroda State.

—Still another Brahmin widow marriage was celebrated on the 22nd October at Berhampore. The bride, Sreemati Rukmanamma, is aged 19 years and belongs to a Niyoga family in the Guntur District. The bridegroom, Tata Suryanarayana, is aged 27 years, is a native of the Ganjam District, and is employed in the Police Department.

—Mr. A. P. Patro and Rao Bahadur P. Gopalrao, of Berhampore, and Mr. P. V. Krishna Rao, of Parlakimedi, it is announced, have volunteered to help on the celebration of widow-marriages in the Ganjam District.

—On Wednesday, the 4th October, at Baidyanath, Pandit Rambhajdat Ram, of Punjab, was married to Miss Sarala Devi Goshal, B.A., of Calcutta. Pandit Rambhajdat Ram is a patriotic young Punjabi Brahmin, coming from a respectable family; he is a rising lawyer and carries great influence in the Punjab as one of the prominent leaders of the Arya Samaj movement.

—Taking advantage of the presence in their midst of representatives from all parts of the province, the educated public of Mysore started an Association for instituting reforms in Hindu Society. A meeting was held on the 9th October, at 9 A.M. for this purpose in the Marimallappa's High School Hall which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion, Mr. Justice H. V. Nanjundayya, M.A., M.L., presided. There was a large gathering, consisting of Palace Pandits, the leading citizens of Mysore, and several members of the Representative Assembly. The Dewan Sahib graced the occasion with his presence.

For the Matriculation examination which was recently held there appeared 51 Parsee, 10 Hindu, 4 Mohamadan ladies. It is not a matter of small joy, writes the *Rast Goftar*, that there have come forward four Mohamedan ladies without Purda for the Matriculation examination this year, in spite of the fact that the Purda system is a bar to the spread of education among them. Last year Miss Gulestan Ismail Janmahomed was the first Khoja lady to pass the Matriculation examination. It is pleasing to see that she has cleared the way to education for her sisters, for this year there are four candidates instead of one. Two of these are of the Sulemani Bohra community. They are the first candidates from that community. One of these Miss Lada-Fej Mohmad Fatehally is the daughter of Mr. Fatehally Shekhmahomed, the well known Secretary of the Anjumane Islam and the other is Miss Akbar Moijuddin Abdulally. We congratulate these two ladies for the moral courage they have thus shown, but their parents who encouraged their educated daughters to come forward deserve no less congratulations. The first of these ladies has taken up Persian as her second Language, which may be considered quite fit and useful for Mohamedan ladies, while the other has taken up French which may be considered more useful than the Latin taken up by some Parsee ladies.

We wish success to both these as well as to the other two ladies, one of whom, Miss Martha Hissamuddin, has taken French, while one other, Miss Nazaibi Shekh *alias* Sonubai Tamboli, has taken up Marathi as her second Language.

—On the 5th instant, a widow marriage took place at Rajahmundry. The bride was a Smartha Brahmin girl of about 17 years, and the bridegroom a Vaishnava of about 23 years. Most of the students of the local Art College and some leading reformers were present on the occasion.

—*Bharat-Mahila* is the name of a new Bengalee ladies' magazine started by Mrs. Saraju Bala Dutta of Calcutta. The subscription is only Rs. 2 per annum and the magazine is published at 41, Padma Pukur Road, Baliganje, Calcutta.

—A prize of Rs. 100 will be awarded for the best essay pointing out the evils of the custom of prohibiting the marriages of widows amongst the higher castes of Hindus and suggesting the ways and methods of making the marriages of

widows more popular. The essay must be in English and should deal with the Shastric, economical, moral, social, physical and other aspects of the question. The essay should be sent before the 1st of March, 1906, to the Secretary, Presidency Social Reform Association, Girgaum, Bombay.

News and Notes.

A missionary, Miss Perry, is doing for the waifs and strays of Korea what the late Dr. Barnardo did for destitute British children. In company with Miss Pash, a Girton lady, with a degree of B.A., she is endeavouring to rescue abandoned and orphan children by gathering them into a home. The condition of some of these rescued children is appalling. Not only are some of them blind, through sickness and disease, but their mental state is of the most pitiable character. She says that the circumstances from amid which the children are taken are such that sometimes five or six months elapse before they are found to be even clean.

—A company of girl soldiers has been found in Columbia and they say that if properly drilled and armed they would prove as effective as the other sex. But in point of courage and endurance whether they will be equal to men is what is to be seen. At any rate, girl soldiers will rather spoil the situation rather than improve it.

—Miss M. E. Chubb, Inspectress of Girls' Schools in Sind, and Mr. J. G. Moore, Officer in charge, Finger Print Bureau, Karachi, passed an examination in Sindhi, according to the higher standard laid down for Military and Uncovenanted officers on the 26th ultimo.

—The eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, who accompanies her parents to India, is said to be one of the most beautiful ladies in society. She has not been so much in London owing to the fact that, till lately, her father was Governor-General of Canada. A writer in *the Sketch* says:—Lady Minto has brought up her two elder daughters very simply; they are keen sportswomen and enthusiastic skaters—indeed, skating was their favourite amusement during the happy years they spent in the great Dominion. Lady Eileen helped her parents to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their great Colonial tour, and the Princess is much interested in all Lady Minto's children.

—By recent changes in estates the controlling ownership of two of the largest department stores in the city of Chicago has passed into the hands of women. Mrs. Augustus Lehmann, representing the Lehmann estate, has just become virtually the sole owner of the Fair; and the great Boston Store is administered by Mrs. Mollie Netcher, who takes up affairs where the death of her husband left them. Both women propose to be active managers of their special stores. They will establish private offices and keep in close touch with business. The profits of the Fair are estimated at $ 1,000,000 annually, and those of the Boston Store are probably not much less. Mrs. Lehmann and Mrs. Netcher have great fortunes in their own right and could live lives of ease and luxury if they so desired, instead of enduring the grind of long hours every day and short vacations.

—In a monograph on "Labor Organization among Women," Miss Belva M. Herron, instructor in economics in the University of Illinois, has collected from many sources much valuable information concerning the progress of labor organization in industries where women have become permanent factors. Women have been working in textile mills since 1815. The earliest recorded instance of a woman participating in labor agitation is shown in the presence of Sarah Bagley as a delegate from the Female Labor Reform Association of Lowell, Mass., at the first Industrial Congress in the United States in 1845. The first labor union to admit women appears to have been the "Knights of St. Crispin," an organization of boot and shoe workers, which had an auxiliary of women-workers called the "Ladies of St. Crispin."

—Domestic service was the line of original research chosen by Miss Jane Klink, who graduated from the University of California and afterward took the master's degree at the University of Chicago. She spent two years in private families cooking, scrubbing, ironing, etc., doing the work of a general housework servant, and published her observations taken during the period. Miss Klink has just been appointed Professor of Sociology in the American International College at Springfield, Mass. She will organise her department to suit herself, as she is the first incumbent. One of the objects of the department will be to collect statistics of the comparative conditions of immigrants before and after immigration.

—*Pilgrim* for September says that the only electrical contractor in the United States of feminine persuasion is a demure young woman in Syracuse, New York—Miss Rose B. Richardson,—who began her business life as a telephone operator. Becoming interested in things electrical, she soon became bookkeeper and assistant for a brother-in-law who was an electrical contractor. Since his death, some three years ago, Miss Richardson has had entire charge of the business, and has established a fine reputation. By personally inspecting all the contracts after the workmen have finished, she keeps a high standard. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Electrical Contractors, the two thousand men members gave an enthusiastic greeting to Miss Richardson. She is very domestic, however, in her inclinations, and is an accomplished housekeeper.

—Mrs. W. P. Fleming, of the Harvard Observatory, has just added another star to the long list of new stars she has discovered.

—Mrs. Anna Benneson McMahan has edited a selection of the poems and letters of Shelley which have to do with his life in Italy from 1818 to 1822, the years in which the poet found his most inspired expression. This volume, which is entitled "With Shelley in Italy," will be issued in October by McClurg & Co., Chicago, uniform with Mrs. McMahan's successful "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings." Mrs. McMahan is a sister of Miss Cora Benneson, Counsellor-at-Law and Special Commissioner, Cambridge, Mass.

—Dr. Alice B. Condict writes interestingly in the New York *Observer* of a new work by women for women at Ludhiana, in North India. It is a hospital of seventy-five beds and large dispensary, in which forty young Hindu women are being educated as physicians, trained nurses and even surgeons. The

need of this sort of training is easily seen, when the impossibility of the admission of male doctors to the sick rooms of Hindu women is remembered. The only medical care the zenana women receive is from ignorant and superstitious women of the lowest caste.

—The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, is known "The Princess of Peace." She is the Czar's youngest sister, and is said to have influenced him considerably in the recent peace negotiations. She is twenty-four years old, and was married four years age to Prince Peter, Duke of Oldenburg, a distant cousin.

—Miss Lilian Gonzales Robinson, the youngest woman linguist in the United States, who has just been appointed head of the department of Romance of the University of Oklahoma, although only twenty-three years old, has already mastered twelve languages, speaking most of them fluently. Miss Robinson graduated at the University of Chicago in 1903 with a degree of A. B.

THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

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